

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

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In the Dark.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

CHAPTER I.

"No, to save his life I would not do it!"

"But, father, it is such a simple act, just giving him a recommendation, and I am sure he has served you faithfully for the past two years. It will cost you nothing, and it may be of incalculable benefit to him."

"Did he commission you to plead his cause after I had given him a decided refusal? Tell him from me to leave my house this instant. His father once did me a great wrong, and the moment I learned he was the son of that villain, I dismissed him from my employ, and not to save his soul would I give him a single word to help him to another place. There, go, child, and tell him what I say."

The speaker was a fine-looking man, a little past the middle age, with hair thickly sprinkled with gray, a broad, open brow, upon which the furrows were beginning to deepen, and, altogether, it was a face from which one would expect kindness rather than the reverse.

He sat in his easy chair by the open grate, his slippered feet resting upon a soft cushion, the morning paper slipping down and half covering them, his spectacles put back upon his forehead, his arms folded, and his eyes bent fixedly upon the glowing anthracite fire that diffused a summer's warmth throughout the apartment.

Gertrude Holmes stood beside her father, her sweet face touched with pity, her mild hazel

eyes full of unshed tears, and her white hand laid caressingly upon her father's shoulder, her graceful form bent till the warm breath swept across his cheek. He did not look into her face; he could not, and refuse her the slightest request, for it was all he had on earth to love—the one whose exact image it bore had been laid away beneath the withered leaves and frozen earth seventeen winters before, when Gertrude's life was still numbered by days. And then it seemed as if much of the kindness, the humanity, had gone out of the heart of Clement Holmes, for if affliction does not soften the heart of man it usually takes the opposite course.

Softly, so softly that Mr. Holmes only missed the light pressure of her hands, Gertrude stole from the apartment, and, crossing the hall, pushed open the door that led into a small reception-room, where her father usually received his business guests. The morning sunlight shone full through every pane of the long windows, revealing each feature of the young girl as she entered the room, and the heart of the young clerk fell at once. He rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"I thank you, Gertrude, for your kindness just as much as if you had been successful, which your face plainly tells me you have not. It is a keen disappointment, for the blow came suddenly, and all the business houses in the city to which I have applied refuse to receive me unless I can furnish testimonials from my former employer. They all look upon me with suspicion, and it is hard to bear. A recommendation from your father would have been worth everything to me, but I must submit.

The world is all before me; it is for mother's sake I feel it most keenly."

"I am sorry, Carrolton. If there is anything I can do, you know how happy I shall be to serve you. But I plead with papa earnestly, and it is of no use. I even thought of forging a certificate for you, for I can just imitate papa's hand to perfection, and it has saved him a vast deal of trouble sometimes, but I was afraid you would think it hardly honorable."

"No, Gertrude, I will not stoop to anything below the most strict integrity if I perish from starvation. But does it not seem to you that your father is a little unreasonable in revenging the wrongs my father inflicted upon him on the head of the truly innocent? The remembrance of my father is not pleasant, and it is seldom my mother speaks of him; but he has been sleeping in his grave these ten years, and gone to his reward or punishment. I have tried to serve your father faithfully, and believe I have done so. Nothing remains for me now but to leave the city and try my fortune elsewhere. Good-by, Gertrude, I shall not forget your kindness. I had hoped one day to be your equal in wealth and position, and then tell you all that is in my heart; but it would be ungenerous, unmanly now. God bless you, Gertrude!"

The young man raised the hand he held to his lips, and wringing it with a parting pressure that told how deep were his emotions, he turned from the apartment. He gave but one hurried glance back at the tall granite pile that stood conspicuously among its aristocratic neighbors, and it seemed to smile and frown upon him by turns as he glanced from the office to the library windows, for he felt that behind the former a warm heart was beating in pity for his sorrows. In pity? He did not dream that the beautiful Gertrude Holmes, the accomplished daughter of the wealthy merchant, could hold one spark of anything deeper for the poor book-keeper, who for two years had sat wearily behind the high desk in her father's counting-room.

But he was far above an ordinary clerk. Gertrude had felt this the first time she looked into the manly, open face, over which but eighteen years had come and gone, and every movement, every word, bespoke the true gentleman; and in the two years of pleasant though not familiar intercourse, she had grown to appreciate his noble qualities of heart and soul more and more, and behind the slender fingers that pressed themselves over her eyes

came a few very bitter tears, perhaps the most so of any she had ever known, for her life had been beset with fewer trials and crosses than usually falls to the lot of mortals.

But Carrolton Edwards's name was never spoken, and neither father nor daughter knew but it was quite forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

"I shall not be able to sit at the table with you much longer, mother, if I continue growing weak as fast as I have for a week past." There was a touching pathos in the young girl's voice, and it was no wonder it drew tears from the mother's eyes as she glanced into the pale, thin face, and listened to the breathing so quickened by the simple effort of crossing the room to her place at the table, and that she involuntarily put her hand to her heart to still the heavy, oppressive pain that so suddenly crossed it. "I wish I had given up sooner; but you know we had just paid for the sewing machine, and I wanted so much to earn a little for ourselves and not be dependent upon poor brother always. But whatever happens, mother, do not tell him the cause. He has enough to bear without the knowledge of my imprudence, and it might have been the same had I never attempted that fatal sewing."

The mother and daughter occupied the second floor of a plain, substantial dwelling a little beyond the city limits. There was a bright fire in the open parlor stove, the kettle was singing a lively tune above it, the table was drawn near the fire and covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness, the simple repast of bread and tea, with one or two thin slices of cold meat, so neatly arranged as to make one forget how meagre it was. But the mother poured the tea with an unsteady hand, and her daughter leaned her head wearily against the high-backed chair and glanced sadly around the pleasant room. There was a light, cheerful carpet upon the floor, a few neat, inexpensive engravings in narrow gilt frames hung upon the papered walls, a table with a crimson cover loaded with books, a flower-stand with a choice variety of exotics, an old-fashioned piano and sofa, the latter wheeled towards the fire and piled with soft pillows, and beyond the half open door could be had a glimpse of the neat bed-chamber, altogether making a comfortable home for the mother and sister of Carrolton Edwards.

You would have known at once the fair young girl was his sister by the full, clear brow, dark, lustrous eyes, the open counte-

nance beaming with truthfulness and honest sincerity, though the one was manly and independent, the other purely feminine in its sweetness and frailty; and both were very like the mother, though the years that had barely passed their two score had dealt hardly with her, and sprinkled the dark hair here and there with threads of silver, and left little lines of care or pain upon her once clear, smooth brow, and they looked a trifle deeper than usual that evening as she glanced with sweet solicitation into the face of her child; but she saw the sorrow, the anxiety, the failing health and strength caused her, so smoothing out the small wrinkles and replacing them with a cheerful smile she had learned so well to assume, she spoke hopefully—

"Oh, don't get discouraged, daughter, a little rest is all you need. We are living very comfortably now. Another year of Carrol's salary will pay off all those debts that have been such bugbears in the way of our enjoyment, and then I am sure we shall not ask for anything to add to our happiness. We ought to be so thankful that the dear boy has such a good situation and fills it so faithfully, and that he is so near as to come home every week. To-morrow night brings him again, so you must brighten up all you can, because you know how anxious it makes him when we are sick. Besides, I thought he was not looking quite well the last time he was at home."

There was a sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. Mrs. Edwards put down her cup and listened. They came slowly along the corridor and paused at the parlor door; then all was still for a moment, and the two thought they must have been mistaken, when a low, stifled groan broke upon their ears, and the sound of retreating footsteps, and if they had been near the youthful figure that hurriedly descended the stairs, they would have heard the murmured words—"This is weak, unmanly in me, carrying home the burden to poor mother and Lou; I will bear it alone a little longer, and perhaps Heaven will open some way," and hastily brushing his hand across his eyes he sprang up the stairs with an assumed lightness and boyishness, and threw open the door into the cheerful apartment.

"Why, Carrol!" There was an eager look into his face, and he knew it must reveal a part of the suffering that was concealed behind it.

"Just in season, mother. I was not feeling quite well, so I thought I would come out a day earlier, and so take two days to rest. Why,

sis, how pale you are looking. What makes her grow so thin and shadowy, mother? She ought to have change of air and scene."

The young man clasped his hands upon the thin cheeks, and, bending her head back, imprinted kiss after kiss upon the fair brow. The young girl put up her hands with a laugh that was quite gleeful—

"Don't be quite so demonstrative, brother, unless you give me a chance to return some of your caresses. You will not spare any for mother, either."

"No fear of that. But what is this? Wheeler & Wilson's? Where upon earth did this come from? And a pile of unfinished shirts! How long have you been doing this work, mother? And is this what is killing Louise? Oh, how could you?"

"Oh, you naughty boy, you came upon us unawares and learned our secret. But you must not blame us. It was so hard to see you toil without the least help. I could not bear that Louise should leave me to teach, or enter upon any employment that would take her from me constantly, so we hired the machine till we earned enough to pay for it; but Lou's health would not admit of her working constantly. I have tried to accomplish a trifle; every little helps, you know."

"I am sorry, mother, very sorry. I know how heartily Lou enters into anything she undertakes, and I dare say she has worked night and day till she has brought on a sickness that it will take weeks to overcome. I appreciate your kindness, but I wish you had not done it."

Mrs. Edwards brought a plate and cup for her son, and he sat down in his accustomed place, and tried to talk cheerfully while he made a feint of eating, but he felt his mother's eyes were watching him narrowly. A mother's perceptions are always keen to discover a child's sorrows, be they ever so deeply hidden from another's eyes, and she knew there was something her son was trying to conceal. He walked restlessly up and down the room; he struck a few plaintive, mournful chords upon the piano; he read aloud to his sister without knowing a word he was repeating, and at last kissed her, and left her as he thought asleep.

Mrs. Edwards sat by the table, sewing, and Carrolton threw himself at her feet and laid his head in her lap, while she smoothed the soft, brown curls that Louise had so often twined around her fingers and called so beautiful; and thinking how soon her slender fingers might be folded above her pulseless

breast, there fell a little sad silence between the two. The small clock upon the mantel ticked loudly; the coal crackled and sparkled cheerily, and at last the youth raised his eyes thoughtfully to his mother's face.

"Do you know, mother, the nature of the wrong my father once did Mr. Holmes?"

"Your father, Carrol? I never knew that he did aught against him. Why do you ask?"

"Because, mother, the iniquity of the father is visited upon the children in this instance through human agency. By some means Mr. Holmes became informed that I was the son of a man, by whom, years ago, he was deeply injured. He came into the counting-room, one afternoon, near two weeks ago, in a perfect rage, and approaching the desk threw down the amount due me on my last month's wages, and at once dismissed me from his employ. His only reply to my astonished question was, that he would now have his revenge. He had waited for it fifteen years, and now that he could not take it upon the father, he would upon the son. Of course my only alternative was to leave. I thought to find no trouble in securing another situation, but I was known to many of the business houses as the bookkeeper at Mr. Holmes's, and leaving so suddenly, I was regarded with suspicion, and required wherever I went to bring testimonials from my former employer. Humiliating as it was, I at last went to Mr. Holmes and begged him to give me a recommendation for honesty and faithfulness, which I felt I deserved. He would not listen to me, but left the room the moment he had given me the decided refusal. I should have gone from his house at once, had not his daughter begged me to remain, while she went to intercede with her father. She was as unsuccessful as I had been, but her sweet pity and kindness touched my heart, and repaid me for waiting the humiliation of a second refusal. I have searched the city through for employment, in vain, and what we are to do, I do not know. I shall be obliged to leave you at once. I have kept it hidden from you two weeks, but I could not any longer, for it is wearing my life out. But we must not let Louise know it."

The young man paused; his whole frame shook with emotion, and he pressed his mother's hands closely upon his brow. Mrs. Edwards did not answer; it was so sudden, she could not trust her voice to speak, and she turned away her head to hide her sorrow.

Just then the door into the small bed chamber, that had been standing ajar, was pushed

suddenly open, and Louise, with pale face and streaming eyes, crossed the room, and throwing her arms about her brother's neck, whispered, hoarsely—

"I was not asleep, brother, and heard every word you said; but do not feel so bad, darling, it will all come out right in the end."

She had given her sweet sympathy and comfort, but in her enfeebled state of body and mind, the cruel disappointment was more than she could bear, and all through the long night one fainting fit succeeded another in rapid succession, and when morning dawned, she was unable to raise her head from her pillow; and Carrolton was in a high fever, moaning and tossing in unconscious suffering. Mrs. Edwards forgot her own weakness in anxiety for her children, and though the burden was great, she had strength given her to bear it. For weeks the struggle between life and death went on; the senseless moanings of the poor youth telling the whole tale of disappointment and anxiety, till at last, his strong constitution triumphed over disease, and he slowly began to recover. But as the current of life began to move in healthier channels through the young man's veins, it was swiftly, silently ebbing out from the slender, emaciated frame of his sister, and just at the sunset hour of a mild April evening the spirit of Louise Edwards peacefully took its flight, leaving only the beautiful clay to the two desolate mourners in the little household.

It was a heavy stroke to the fond brother, and it found him almost unprepared to bear it. His sister had been his pride, and he indulged no hopes or aspirations that were not intimately connected with her happiness and welfare, and his constant ambition had been to raise her to that sphere in life in which he fondly believed she was fitted to shine. God had raised her to a higher, holier sphere, than any the fond brother could have done, but the eye of faith was dim.

CHAPTER III.

Gertrude was riding out upon the still, country road that April afternoon. There was a mild fragrance loitering upon the air, that told of springing flowers and opening buds, and all along the roadside and under the shadow of the high fences there were broad patches of green grass and occasional tufts of violets and cowslips, that gave promise of speedy blossoming. The birches were hanging their fringed tassels high among the boughs; the willows were putting forth their soft, fur-like buds,

and Gertrude noticed all these fresh objects, for the drive was a quiet one, and the elegant carriage rolled along with only an occasional market-man jogging leisurely to town to admire its costly appointments. The driver had become infested by the sleepy atmosphere and dropped asleep at his post, leaving the horses to guide themselves back to the city, and Gertrude was aroused from a quiet reverie by a sharp collision and a sudden dropping of the carriage, which precipitated her violently upon the front seat. The accident was slight, but the driver was obliged to return to the city for repairs before it was deemed expedient for her to attempt returning home. She looked around upon the neat houses scattered up and down the roadside, and her eyes lingered longest upon a plain two story brick, with a wide veranda running around the sides, a narrow yard with a neat gravelled walk; nothing particularly attractive in any way, but a quiet home-like air about it, and beckoning the driver on, Gertrude passed up the walk, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a mild looking elderly lady, who received Gertrude with the greatest kindness, and ushered her into the small, neat parlor, moved the easiest chair into the most comfortable spot, and resumed her sewing, while she went about the pleasant task of entertaining her young guest.

It was not a difficult one, for Gertrude was always genial and open-hearted, interested in every one's welfare, and she soon learned her kind hostess was a widow, owning only the neat house and lot, and supporting herself by the income of her little garden, and the rent of the second floor of her house.

"Do you succeed in finding pleasant tenants?" queried Gertrude, more for the sake of sustaining the conversation than any real interest.

"Very, indeed," was the hearty reply. "But they are now in the deepest affliction. There were only three: mother, son and daughter; the son, just past his twentieth year, was a clerk in the city, and supported his mother very comfortably, besides laying by a little sum towards cancelling an old debt. He worked hard, but always seemed happy and cheerful, and his mother made of their home a perfect paradise. His sister's health, always delicate, had for a long time been failing, but there were hopes of her recovery, till a heavy disappointment came upon them crushing her to the earth.

"The gentleman who had employed the young

man, had once received an injury at his father's hands, and in order to be revenged, he dismissed the youth, and steadfastly refused him a certificate for honesty and integrity. He searched two weeks for employment before he told his mother, but the burden became greater than he could bear alone, so while he thought his sister quietly sleeping he unburdened his heart to her, and his sister heard the whole. In her enfeebled state of body and mind it laid her prostrate, and she has failed rapidly since, and last night she died. She was a sweet girl, nearly your age, and it has well nigh broken her brother's heart.

"He has been ill; so ill he has hardly left his bed for six weeks; and oh, it must have touched his employer's heart, could he have heard him moaning in delirium and imploring him not to turn him away, for his mother and sister were starving, and no one would give him anything to do to buy them bread."

"But he is better now," gasped Gertrude, her face white with suppressed emotion. "Can I go up and see them? I would like to offer what little consolation I can."

"It would be such a comfort if you would; they have very few acquaintances, and it seems so desolate."

Gertrude hardly knew how she ascended the stairs or dragged her weak limbs along the upper hall, and for a moment she could not discern an object in the dimly lighted room; but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she caught a glimpse of a small, open coffin that stood in the centre of the room, and over it was bending the thin, slight figure of Carrolton Edwards. His head was supported by one hand; his eyes were fixed upon the beautiful face of his sister with a gaze that seemed intent enough to bring back an answering look from the sealed orbs, if such a thing were possible, and his pale, quivering lips moaned out in broken sentences, "Oh, my sister, my sweet angel sister, how can I live without you?"

"Carrolton!" Gertrude had moved to the young man's side with tears of tender pity raining down her cheeks, laid her small gloved hand upon his shoulder, and looked down with him upon the still young face. She did not wonder then that he mourned.

"Gertrude!" He raised his eyes to her face with a look of wonder.

"I would have given my life to have saved you this sorrow, Carrolton; and now I feel as if a part of the cause rests with me; and the young girl shuddered as she looked upon the

living face, it was so like the one silent and cold beneath it.

"No, no, Gertrude; you did all you could. You have been my friend always, and I could not tell you one half the love my heart holds for you, and how it will cling to you now more closely than ever, that the only one beside my mother is gone. You are weeping for her; bless you!" Carrolton had let his eyes wander over the fair young face, and saw how it expressed tender sympathy, as it rested upon the lovely face of the dead.

"Oh, she is so much better off, Carrol!—in that land where there are no more tears. I know she was good; for that smile speaks of angels. I wish I could say something to console you, but I do not know how. God can comfort you better than I."

And then she went to the bereaved mother, and putting her hand in hers, told her who she was, and how her heart ached for all her sorrows. There were not many words spoken, but a little light had broken in upon the darkness, and a little less heavily the burden pressed upon their hearts.

"Do not suffer the least anxiety with regard to the future, Mrs. Edwards," whispered Gertrude, as she clasped her hand at parting. "All this, as your dear daughter told you, shall work together for your good."

And just as the shadows of evening began to gather, Gertrude went out from the house of mourning, and it seemed as if a year had been added to her life, so full of sorrow and regret had the last hour been. She did not spring from the carriage with her accustomed lightness, and her step was slow and her face still sad as she entered the library, where a soft mellow light was tinging up everything with a cheery glow. She pushed back her bonnet, and put her arms about her father's neck.

It is useless to repeat the sad story which, with all the impulses of her enthusiastic nature warmly alive, she poured into her father's ear, or the gentle entreaty with which she begged him to retract his hasty decision, and receive Carrolton Edwards in his old place. And before he had time to reply, she went out and left him alone. He would have had her remain, for his reflections were not pleasant.

He moved uneasily in his seat; he plunged the poker between the bars of the grate; he tore the evening paper into small strips, and held them in the flames till they were nearly consumed. "I have been a wretch—that is just what I have; I ought to be ashamed of

myself, and I am; I cannot undo the past; would God I could. Strange the girl need die. I will have Carrol back at once. Nothing has gone right since he went away. He was the most faithful fellow I ever saw, and though I once lost five thousand dollars by his father, the boy was not to blame. I will take him right into my house, and if his mother is the lady I think she must be, from having such a son, she shall have a home here as long as she lives. Then perhaps the boy will take a fancy to my little Gertrude, and so we will all live together to make a happy family." And Mr. Holmes rubbed his hands in evident satisfaction; for after all, his heart was in the right place, though his mind was easily blinded by passion, and he suffered his temper to take the lead of his better judgment.

"I have been all in the dark. I have not felt happy with this hateful spirit of revenge in me, and now see what an amount of misery it has occasioned. Why cannot people learn to overlook these little injuries and not keep on fostering the hard, revengeful feelings, and thirsting for an opportunity for vengeance. Well, well; I guess it has learned me a lesson!" There was a feeling of remorse tugging at Mr. Holmes's heart; but after all, he was a happy man that evening, and he kept on growing more and more so each day, as he tried to cultivate a spirit of meek forgiveness and kindness of heart towards every one of the human family, and learned to realize he was not an especial target for Providence to aim its adverse blows upon, but that he had far more than he deserved.

And so light sprang up through the darkness, not only in the heart of Mr. Holmes, but in the lives of Mrs. Edwards and her faithful son.

Although it be good and profitable that we should ask and learn and know what good and holy men have wrought and suffered, and how God hath dealt with them, and what He hath wrought in and through them, yet it were a thousand times better that we should in ourselves learn, and perceive, and understand who we are, how and what our own life is, and what God is doing in us, what He will have from us, and to what ends He will or will not make use of. Thus that proverb is still true: "Going out were never so good, but staying at home were much better."

The Child's Prayer.

BY HATTIE HERBERT.

It is a prayer which was taught to the disciples by Christ—a prayer replete with thrilling eloquence and touching simplicity. Wherever it is heard, the heart thrills, better feelings reign, and wrong, angry thoughts vanish.

Commencing with "Our Father who art in Heaven," it is repeated with clasped hands, and fair, upturned face, by the little child, who kneeling murmurs, "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The words float out on the evening air, and reach an ear. Oh! it has so often listened to coarse jests and profane language, until the still small voice of conscience was almost hushed. But it pleads with him now, and dropping on the step, he listens to petition after petition, until the close—"For Thine is the kingdom, the glory and the power, forever and ever; amen."

A kiss from the mother's lips press the soft rosy cheek and the sweet, innocent eyes, and the child soon is sleeping the sleep of innocence.

But still the wicked man sits there. There is a picture in Memory's halls for him. A tear has swept the cobwebs and dust away, and he is gazing on it—oh! so eagerly and intently, with held breath and strained eyes, for fear it will soon be effaced.

'Tis of a low-roofed cottage, down by the lake-shore, half hid by creeping vine and overhanging trees. The flowers are budded and blossomed; the birds sit among the branches, and sing their sweetest songs. The atmosphere of June is there, and its breath wafts in the open window, and slightly lifts the waving tresses of a mother, as she repeats that same prayer for him, all the while caressingly pushing back his clustering locks, as he, a little boy then, kneels by her side.

Tears flow from the man's eyes as he thinks of a grave far away on the hillside, over which the snows of ten long winters have drifted.

"She died of a broken heart," the neighbors said to him, when as a stranger, just returned from foreign lands, he approached the old home. "Yes," they added, noting his eager gaze, "her heart broke when she heard of the bad conduct of her only boy." They wondered to see the dark-browed man stagger as he walked away; but it was all clear to them when they found him, drenched in dew,

late at night, sobbing on her grave, and moaning—"Mother! mother! Oh! my dear, dear mother!"

It was four years ago when he came from that grass-grown mound, and, feeling all alone in the world, thinking there was no one to care for or sympathize with him, and almost forgetting the love and mercy of "Our Father," he had lived a hardened, sinful life, scarce thinking of the past, with its holy, pure memories scattered along childhood's path, until the soft, sweet voice of the child caused his eyes to look on the half-forgotten picture.

These words ring in his ears—"Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," and a resolve is taken then and there to lead a different life.

Years have passed since that night. The career of usefulness which the repentant man led, showed the resolve was no vain one. The Recording Angel wrote in the Book the record of many good and useful deeds wrought by him.

Mothers, be faithful to your trust. Think not the good seed sown will never spring up, but look forward with hope to the harvest, rich and plentiful.

Ever at eventide teach the little ones who cluster around your knee to lip "Our Father who art in Heaven," and practice the sacred, blessed precepts and truths of His word, and surely you will have your reward—if not in this world, in the bright and beautiful Hereafter.

Flowers, Sweet Flowers.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Flung from the hands of od'rous June!
To awake from a dreamy budding
Into a rapturous bloom.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Born of a thought that was pure!
Blessed be God for such riches,
To gladden the hearts of the poor!

Flowers, sweet flowers!
Nuns who are child-like and good!
Worshipping fireless, priestless,
In the mossy aisles of the wood.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
For the bride and the sheeted dead!
Speaking of hope to the living—
Of rest for the souls that have fled!

Flowers, sweet flowers!
May they fill with fragrance the air
When my soul shall escape from death
Up the shining slopes of prayer!

Bachel;

Or, WAS IT FATE OR PROVIDENCE?

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER VI.—CAN THE DEAD COME TO LIFE?

There had been some changes in the old house in Trotter Place. Paul Bitterly, the organ-grinder, who went by the nickname of Tite, had been very successful in a small rag speculation, and had determined to go to New York and set up business on a larger scale. Accordingly, his wife, himself, and the three boys, all of a size, and all seemingly three years old, had packed up and departed. A Jew had bargained for the lower floor, and turned it into an old clothes establishment. Tarkey's room was spoken for, and the furniture was about to be removed into the premises of the German Jew, who concluded to keep it till some relation turned up.

It was a pleasant July evening, though by no means redolent of roses in the vicinity of Trotter place. Little children toddled about the stoops and corners, trying by every effort in their power to increase the by no means small stock of dirt which they had acquired through the day. Infant depravity belched itself forth in large oaths, that would have shocked the sensibility of the moralist, who was taught to say his prayers at his mother's knee. The word prayer had no definition in Trotter place; it was never heard—never spoken. The wife of the German Jew was preparing to launch out in the way of house-keeping in a style of extraordinary splendor, having just put the finishing touch on a pair of chints curtains, whose one flower and six leaves completely covered the surface. Resting for a moment from her labors, she placed her folded arms on the window-sill, and looking down into the crowded place below, noticed a thin, squallid figure coming slowly along and stopping in front of the new old-clothes store. The person in question seemed to gaze back and forth bewilderedly, as if uncertain of the place; then taking a wasted hand from under the old shawl, she rubbed it across her eyes once or twice, and looked again.

"I wonders who dat is?" queried the portly German matron from her perch—"it look like—no—but—mien Got, it does looks so much like!"

Meantime the object of her criticism, after speaking to a large boy, who started back as if he had been shot, entered the house, and soon the old watch-mender's wife, heard foot-

steps coming in the direction of her room, and prepared to receive a visitor, by putting down her sleeves, and smoothing back her hair. There was a feeble knock at the door; Madam Dutchy, as she was called, the people in the house not being able to master her hard name, opened it. One cry of terror mingled with joy—and then the two women stood looking at each other.

"Got in Heffen! it is her ghost!" cried the German, while a low, feeble voice responded, "No, it is me—Tarkey, come home again."

"But what is it means?" cried the woman, still under the influence of a fear that the grave had given up its dead.

"It means that I am well; or, rather, beginning to get well," said the voice, as the emaciated figure sank into a chair.

"But we did hears that you was dead and buried."

"Dead and buried! Oh, no! I am alive, sure enough! It must have been, when they moved me up stairs. I suppose I looked like a dead thing, for they told me afterwards I had fainted. When they saw me carried out so, they thought of course that I was dead. But the child—have you kept her? I've been so worried about her. Where is she?"

"Who knows but the good Got?" was the pious response.

"What do you mean? Isn't she here with you?"

"Wid me? As if I wouldn't haf give a good deal to keep her; but no," and she shook her head sorrowfully, "she haf gone to seek her fortune."

"What! did she hear that I was dead, too!" The anxiety depicted on the haggard brow was sad to witness.

"Yes, and buried. There was a lady called after her and tells her; but I didn't know of that till the lady calls on me again; and then I tells her she haf gone."

"Oh, dear!" and the thin arms were thrown up—"what shall I do?"

"She was a nice girl; I like to haf her stay wid me; but no, she must seek her fortune, she say."

"Yes; but if she did what I told her to, she has gone away and taken all my money. What shall I do? I aint well enough to go right to work again, and I shall starve."

"No, that you will not, while I have anything in the cupboard, you poor thing! What! you ish going away agin?"

"Yes, to the minister's house; perhaps the child has gone there," said Tarkey, rising.

"But you will haf a bite, first."

"No, nothing; I'm not hungry now; I'm too tired and worried."

"Did you haf much moneys?" queried the woman.

"Yes, fifty dollars, replied poor Tarkey, despondingly.

"Oh, himmel!" cried the wife of the German Jew, lifting her hands, "dat ish large mon- ish. An' dat little child got it all. She will be killed, there be so many wicked peoples about. And your room ish let, too. I tell you what—you comes here to-night, and you has my husband's work-room. It is hardly big enough to swing the cat in; but it will do."

Tarkey thanked the kind-hearted woman, and set out on her search for the child. If she could only hear some tidings of her! but to fancy her wandering alone, helpless and ignorant as she was—quite ignorant of the value of money, set her nearly wild. Mrs. Carlton was nearly as much startled as the German had been.

"Why! is it possible you are living then, still?" she asked, as she ushered the faded woman into her own private sitting-room—"they told me you were dead and buried."

"I suppose nobody but the doctors knew that I was alive," said poor Tarkey, panting from weakness. "You see I was taken up stairs by myself, when I had been there little over a week, and I suppose they thought I was dead. Oh, dear! isn't it too bad? And poor little Rachel gone off with all my money!"

"What! did she steal it?" cried Mrs. Carlton, in accents of astonishment.

"Steal it!—never! Rachel was too good for that; but I told her in case I should die, she was to have it. Now what shall I do? I am worried about her, and so weak and feeble!"

"First, you must have something to refresh you," said Mrs. Carlton, summoning a servant, who soon brought hot coffee and bread and butter. "You cannot have been more anxious about the child than I have," she said, as poor Tarkey tried to eat. "I don't know why it is, except that unfortunate circumstance at the time of her father's death. I called there with the news of your death; I thought it correct enough, and she almost promised me she would come here. I wish I had insisted at that time; but I did not, and on the next day she had disappeared as effectually as mysteriously. I never was more sadly disappointed, for she reminded me of my own lost darling. Every time she spoke—

whenever she smiled—every little action called our dear one up from the grave. And now, when I think of what her future may be, without the guiding care of some experienced friend—"

"Oh, madam, we must find her!" cried Tarkey, the tears running down her hollow cheeks.

"I shall see her all the time in danger—I shall dream of everything terrible. Where could she go? I will search the city through, but how can I? so weak—so weak and poor."

"No, no; you must be quiet till you get well; and meantime, I shall leave nothing untried. If she is in this city, I shall find her," said Mrs. Carlton.

"Oh, you've no idea what a sweet child she was! and I know she'd rather a died than taken the money if I had been living—I mean, if she thought I'd been—for she was naturally honest. Her father was a gentleman once, I'm sure, though he was reduced so low. It was dreadful for the likes of him to come down to Trotter Place."

"What did he do for a living?" curiously asked Mrs. Carlton.

"Oh, sometimes one thing, sometimes another; but mostly he sold books, little books, that just brought him in enough to keep him—not much more. But he was always very careful of the child. He taught her good manners, and would never let her go with the rude things in the place; no—no. She didn't know anything about their actions. It's very strange who he was; but I think it was some gentleman who had been insane, because of himself he had strange ways and notions. And you know, ma'am, that was not his real name, no more than Rachel Cassidy is hers."

"Why, that is very strange," said the minister's wife. "Oh! I had a wild thought for a moment—do the dead ever come to life? But, absurd!—what was his real name?"

"That I can't remember at all, ma'am," was Tarkey's reply, "It were a very high-sounding one, and writtten on the inside of his ring. I made bold, after something the child told me, to take it from his finger, though I can't say the thinking of it is exactly pleasant to me, sometimes; but I did it for the best."

"Of course you did; and where is it?—I should like to see it?"

"God bless us, madam," said Tarkey, the tears streaming afresh, "it's wherever the little creature is, to be sure, for you see I put it along with the money, for something told me I should die, and I thought good might

some of it. But everything has turned out wrong, madam."

"Perhaps not," said her kindly listener; "but now we must talk about you. Where are you going?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't know," said poor Tarkey, mournfully. "It seems as if I don't care much about anything now, I wanted to see the child so. I'm sick and weak, and my room is taken, and I don't know what I shall do."

"I'll tell you what you shall do," responded Mrs. Carlton, "I have an unfurnished room in the house, over the kitchen. Just have your things sent round here, and as I am very much in want of some one to help me do my fall sewing, I think I can depend upon you. You can take your meals with the house-keeper, and wait until you get stronger before you go to work."

"Oh! ma'am, I never had such an offer before in my life," said Tarkey, quite overcome. "I'm afraid I don't deserve it, ma'am; my temper has been very unfortunate." As this was one of the things poor Tarkey wrote against herself, and very groundless it was, Mrs. Carlton, who saw quite through the simple hearted creature, congratulated herself that she had made such an acquisition to her household accessories. Besides, in this offer was the germ of a hope that poor little Rachel might come back again, and be lured into her arms through the agency of this poor needle-woman. The golden tresses and the sweet eyes of blue, haunted her continually, and she determined to put forth every effort in order to obtain the child her heart yearned over. Miss Tarkey, now in possession of a home that, as she said to herself, the king might envy, thought but little more about her money, except to hope that the child might get good from it. Every day her honest prayers ascended for little Rachel's welfare, and often in the night she was awakened with strange dreams that seemed forebodings of ill. In the meantime, under the tuition of the minister's good wife, she learned the catechism, and became familiar with the prayer-book.

CHAPTER VII.—RACHEL'S STRANGE HOME.

A long stretch of sand—level, arid and waste. Only in the far, far distance, heaven-kissing mountains, dimly seen through the hazy atmosphere. Everywhere blight and desolation, trees uproot or hacked down. Beauty giving way before utility, simplicity of nature before civilization. Two great hills of sand,

between which, away down in the hollow, a gang of men work under the blistering sun, half naked. A bleak hill, with no verdure upon it, hiding the only spot of rural beauty near the embryo town. Here and there a dirty cabin with a rooting pig near—here and there a child, as brutish as the pigs and not half as clean, making pies out of the sun-baked mud. Over all, a sky blue and fervid with the intense heat. Sand hills all round, throwing up with each breath of air a vapor filled with gritty particles. And who is that standing in so mournful an attitude just within the door of the foulest den of them all? Her soft eyes have a look of weariness as though they had shed all the tears they could, yet could not rest. Her little hands red and rough, and her delicate feet bare and soiled, as in all her poverty they were never soiled before.

Look back and remember how the child sat and gazed at the frightful creature who intruded upon her solitude. Jim Mackin, brute enough before, but now full of whisky, was just returning to what he called his home. He had been sleeping when the child sat down, hidden by the bushes, and awakened by some pernicious influence, heard the child's soliloquy, saw the roll of bills which she unfolded to place the others among them. As my readers will remember, he had advanced towards her, and was the first one to break the silence, by asking, gruffly—

"How came ye by all that money?"

"It's mine," faltered little Rachel, by a movement drawing it closer to her.

"No it aint, ye little thief; ye stole it, that ye did. And now ye'll just go back to the place ye came from and give it up," he added, not daring at once to expose his foul design.

"But she's dead," cried the child, appealingly; "Tarkey's dead—and it's all mine; she gave it to me."

"Very well, then, if ye wont go back, jist hand it over to me, for safe keeping."

"You shant have my money!" cried Rachel, her eyes flashing. "Go away; you're a bad man."

"I am, am I? we'll see;" and he took hold of her shoulder with a grasp of his strong hand that seemed awful, lifting her almost from her feet. "Now if ye don't want me to beat your brains out," he muttered with a ferocity increased by the drink that was working in his blood, "hand me the money, every stiver of it. And what's more, you go home wid me. Judy's got no big girls of her own to

find the baby, and you'll suit nicely. Come, ye'd better give it up," he added, taking up an ugly knotted stick that he had used in his travels, and flourishing it about his head. "I'll teach ye to go round the country stealing."

The child burst into an agony of tears. Her will was resolute, but the horribly contorted face before her, with the wiry hair and eyes edged with flaming red, frightened her out of her firmness. Once more she ventured to remonstrate; but the stick was raised again, and she yielded—giving up the book and its contents, keeping the ring in her hand. The package he did not seem to see, but once possessed of the pocket-book, he strode forward, bidding her follow him the seven long miles between him and what he called home.

It was a desolate road before they struck on to the new one, and that was worse by many degrees, scarcely more than turned up by the shovel; full of logs, and thorns, and miry places. It was not very likely they would meet any one coming back that way. Rachel cried silently, and shuddered for fear when she passed the stretches of thick woods as they often did. Her heart beat almost to suffocation with the dread that he might kill her, and throw her body into one of the many dismal hollows they encountered—but he kept on, with only now and then a fierce word to her, to mend her pace. The beauty of the country she had so much admired was soon hidden by the high gray banks through which they passed. Often the path was covered completely with splinters of rock, shivered in the process of blasting, and now and then a solid arch, black and awful like the entrance to some horrid cavern, made it necessary for the man to take the child by the hand and lead her through. Her little feet were blistered and sore long before she reached the termination of her journey; she could have laid down on the sand and cried out in utter weariness—"let me lie here and die," but for the mortal fear she felt in that brute's presence. She did not want him to kill her; she feared the sudden shock of violence, and something seemed to tell her that he would not hesitate to take her life as he had taken her money. Fortunately for her, an old lumber wagon drove up from one of the cross-roads, and Jim Mackin, who knew the driver, bargained for a seat in the crazy vehicle for himself and the child. When they reached the miserable sand-level, where the straggling huts were built, poor little Rachel had forgotten all her trials

in a heavy sleep, so sound that even when she was roughly pulled from the wagon and shaken down upon the ground, she could hardly tell what had taken place on that eventful afternoon.

His wife, Judy, who would have been a decent looking woman but for that redness about the eyes that denoted love of strong drink, came forward from the smoke and flame that issued alternately, and glanced from her husband to the child with stupid curiosity.

"Whist ye, Judy," cried the former, "tind to yer own business and leave me to mine. A pretty sum of money I've brought home; I warrant ye'd spend it quick ye got hold on it. And there's a girl to tind the baby till ye git tired of her. It isn't much she's good for, any way, I expect." And as the tired, delicate little creature, shrinking from the coarseness and uncongeniality of her surroundings, retired to the impromptu bed spread for her in a corner of the shanty, moaning under her breath, "onging for a smile and a caress such as was so often bestowed on her by poor Tarky, dead to her, and wishing, oh how wildly, that she had accepted the offer of the kind Mrs. Carlton. But in vain all her longing, weeping or wishing made no difference in her circumstances. Perhaps good angels were leading her, even through these trials, so hard to bear. Who could tell?

To be roused in the morning by daylight, to draw the water, bring in fagots, care for the fat but good-natured baby, and find seldom a moment for rest, became now the daily routine of her life. The inhabitants of the shanties, men who worked on the new road, and their wives or mothers, were as uncultivated and quarrelsome a set as ever congregated together. It was not unusual for them to have a shindy, as they called it, somewhere along the lane every evening, and many were the black eyes and bruised limbs in consequence. While Jim's money, so unrighteously obtained, lasted, he was continually drunk, and frightful were the fights that sometimes took place between man and wife in that miserable cabin.

Rachel, at the door that morning, looking to the far away hills drenched in the dusky atmosphere of the arid waste between, was thinking, as she often did of late, how she should make her escape from this living death. Not to go back—a certain strange sort of pride prevented that—but to get farther away from this hated spot. If she starved, she cared not; the thralldom, the brutality, were unendurable to

her. Even the baby had learned to use his finger-nails, and seemed to take a savage pleasure in inflicting a scratch upon her when she was off her guard. All day long she wandered about, dreaming with open eyes, determined to leave this den of horrors if she met death on the way.

It was to be a grand gala-night with the laborers. A drink and a fight all round was the unwritten programme, of which culmination they were not entirely insensible, for there would have been no glory without a fight. Judy had been, and was to be, unusually busy, and it angered her to see Rachel so apparently unconscious of her surroundings.

"Ye're good for nothing," she said to her, angrily, "it's not yer salt ye earn, an' it's me self'd be glad to get rid of ye, ye lazy comadhoun. Why don't ye step aside and help as ye should, or I'll take the whip to ye."

Rachel's reluctant steps moved more swiftly at this threat, for the young virago had whipped her once or twice. But how to leave this horrid place, so that for a time her presence would not be missed, puzzled her. Amidst their rioting to-night they would be sure to call upon her—but, oh! it might be the liquor would stupefy them, and give her thus the coveted opportunity.

CHAPTER VIII.—ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE.

A more thoroughly demoniac crew than met that night within the walls of the Irish shanty, never assembled for a drunken carouse. Little Rachel had rocked the uneasy baby to sleep in the home-made rocking-chair which Jim Mackin had constructed out of a barrel, and laid him away in his corner, sleeping soundly. The smoking cakes that Judy had been baking were ranged along the wall on shelves; a jug of molasses and another of whisky stood upon the table, amidst several tin cups and coarse wooden ware.

When the company assembled it was quite dark, and threatened rain. Jim Mackin, under the influence of a soothing glass, had been unusually kind to Rachel; but Judy, who had also imbibed to console herself in her labor, was proportionately cross, so that between the two she was coaxed and threatened, till Judy's tongue getting the ascendancy, she vowed that Rachel should go to bed; she'd be always in the way, she said; and who knew but she might tell some of them about the money, she added, in a lower voice. This threat had the desired effect, and Rachel was sent to her corner, a place built out from the wall, where

the owner had intended to put a window, but had never accomplished his design.

The company assembled at an early hour, and smoking, swearing and drinking became the order of the evening. Rachel, who had lain down with her clothes on, still thought with such intensity that the noise about scarcely disturbed her. One plan after another was formed and dismissed, until the mirth became so furious that she trembled as she laid there, fearful that some impossible service would be required of her yet. Songs, oaths and ribald stories were mingled with fearful imprecations upon the proprietors of the road, from whom they declared they did not receive just wages. The candles guttered and burnt dimly, still they kept up their horrible revels. Rachel, terribly frightened, crawled out a little way from her bed. A scuffle was taking place at the other end of the cabin, and, amidst cries of fury and laughter of derision, two human tigers began the fight which soon became general.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, cold with perspiration, the effect of her deadly fear, the child sprang to her feet, and, amidst the dreadful confusion, succeeded in reaching the door and bounding outside just as the wild cry of "murder" rent the air. On, she knew not whither, for it was dark and raining hard, the child flew from the frightful den. Fear lent her wings, and good angels must have guided her, for from danger to danger she bounded, happily unconscious of the perils that surrounded her. Sometimes she fancied that the wind still bore those shrieking voices towards her. On, through the darkness of the night, tearing her clothes, her flesh, and knowing it not; on, in a sort of fever-trance, until she fell down senseless by the wayside. She had travelled continuously for seven hours.

The gray dawn lighted a bleak yet not unpleasant prospect. A small village of inferior houses, built mostly for the occupation of factory hands; a few fields with scant pasture in their growth; a church spire, a factory tower, and an unpainted school-house, just finished, made up the sum total of houses and inhabitants. A young girl, healthy and hearty, opening her window early in the morning, discovered something lying in the road which made her shiver through all her veins.

"O, mother, what is it? A dead child," she whispered, as the older and somewhat wrinkled face joined hers at the window.

"We will go and see," said the mother; and accordingly they stooped over where the child

had fallen, under a solitary butternut tree. Their tears fell upon the marble-fair brow, the large blue-veined eyes so sunken in her unnatural rest.

"O! the pretty creature!" cried the daughter. "Mother, see what long, golden hair! Who can she be? Poor little one! she has walked over hard stones—see, her little feet are bleeding. Let us carry her in, mother, she can't be dead."

They took her carefully between them and laid her on a soft bed, presently applying restoratives. The child soon became conscious, opened her eyes wildly, crying with accents of terror, "Oh! don't let them kill me!" They strove to soothe her, and, when they had succeeded, made her undress, bathed her, gave her warm milk, and caressed her.

In looking over her clothes they found the little package tightly pinned to a part of her dress, and after a few questions they let it remain, like honest, Christian people as they were, seeing that disturbing it seemed to give the child pain. As soon as she could collect her ideas, she gave them her little history, dwelling fondly on the memory of poor Tarkey, and weeping over the loss of her little hoard, with which she was sure to have found her fortune.

The young girl, Mary Miller, worked in the factory, earning just enough to support her infirm mother and herself. Yet it would not beggar them, she thought, to keep this pretty creature a few days, perhaps find something for her to do at the factory. At night when she came home she found her little programme must be changed. Rachel was in a fever, and her mother much distressed because an Irishman had been there, threatening her with all the vengeance of the law if she kept the girl. It was his child, he said.

"The poor little thing overheard," said Mrs. Miller, "and it nearly drove her crazy. I told him that if it was his child, which I doubted, it was impossible for her to be moved now; but he declared he would have her, would come after her again in three days, and so, I suppose, we may expect him."

"It's the wretch who stole her money," said Mary Miller, "he never shall have her. Now, mother, you know I had promised myself a visit over to Meriden next week. I'll give it up and send this child in my stead. It'll be doing a Christian action, and cousin Bess will take care of her. She ought, for she can afford it. As for me, I'm well enough, and don't need to go, but we'll put this poor little thing out of torment."

"But, Mary, think, you'll have to wait another year."

"Well, so I will, gladly, if I can comfort her, poor little orphan! I'll go in and tell her so."

But Rachel had heard. Her eyes shone with such fire that they seemed to burn through to the good girl's soul as she tried in vain to tell her that she knew and thanked her.

"O! don't let me go with that wicked man," she cried, piteously, "he would kill me now."

"You shall only go where you please," said Mary; and the child waited for the time with feverish expectancy.

She was more beautiful than ever. The fragile form with its delicate outlines, the spiritual face so free from all taint of earth, the sadly, patient smile, the startled fawn-like glance of the sweet eyes that were always looking for some sudden trouble or danger, won the heart of the good factory girl.

"You shall only go where you please, dear," she said, "but still you had better leave the house, because that bad man may come here after you; and you know we are only women, and we can't say that you don't belong to him, because we haven't the proof; but I've a cousin ten miles from here, in Meriden, who keeps a little public house, and if you want to go I'll send you there. I was going myself, but it will do you good, and he will never know where you are gone."

The little child smiled, willing to be made whatever disposition of the people about her saw fit, so that she might escape from her tormenter. It may be that a miserable fear haunted the man's mind that the child would yet bring him to judgment.

CHAPTER IX.—TITE'S ACT OF CHARITY (?)

So the child was carefully wrapped up and put in the coach, not without many tears, for there was a singular attractiveness about her, which even the coarsest minds could not but feel and be influenced by. It was a long drive, and very wearisome, but there were not many passengers, and she could partly recline, and was thus very comfortable. Meriden was a seaport town, a very flourishing place. When the coach drove up to the little tavern, Rachel waited patiently to be recognized, and was only a little nervous at sound of a voice that said, "Where is the child?" Then a face came and peered in, homely but good-natured, and took a long and curious survey of the passive little figure.

"Well, it was queer of her, anyhow," said

the voice again, in soliloquy. "What's the matter, little girl, are you sick?"

"Not very, ma'am," said the child, quietly.

"Well, I s'pose you're to git out here—of course you are," she added, opening the coach door herself; "but what on earth she sent you for—well, never mind, you're a pretty little thing, any way. Come."

So saying, she took the light form in her strong arms, and set her on the floor of the little brown piazza. Then, keeping her eyes fixed on the child's face, she led her into a small prim room, with a green sofa and half a dozen chairs full of people.

Suddenly a loud cry sounded, and all at once the green sofa was deserted.

"Why there's Rachel Cassidy!" shouted a chorus of voices. In a minute the child found herself among home-faces—the gaunt, grim organ-grinder of Trotter Place, his wife and their three children, all of a size, and each one dressed in a roundabout of black and red plaid. As I have said before, it was hard to distinguish these children apart, as all had noses that turned up, and squinted desperately—I don't mean the noses—so that they were often taken for triple s. But what cared poor little Rachel, who was sobbing in their midst, and they making all sorts of inquiries which she could not answer, the poor child was so full! What did it matter to her that they were uncouth, and green, and somewhat silly in their ways. They had been as it were part and parcel of her existence—they had lived in the old house in which she had passed so many years. They had been kind to her, and liked Tarkey, as who did not, that knew her? He, she remembered, had once brought his heavy organ up three pair of narrow stairs, to play for her father when he was unwell. Poor little Rachel! for the first time since her departure from Tarkey's deserted little room, she felt comforted. Tite, as the man was called, though his nose was frightfully long and crooked, and his eyes you were never certain of both at once, they had such a trick of looking on both sides of one, seemed to her beautiful; and Mrs. Tite and the three children, plainer if possible than the main Tite, were still her friends. That night there was a long conference held in the Tite dormitory.

"She's handsomer than ever," said Mrs. Tite, emphatically.

"I wish one of our boys was such a gal as she," rejoined Mr. Tite, "I'd soon make my fortune."

"I never did see such hair," rejoined his wife; "why! put it into curls, and what a splendid figger! Say she stood in the street with a tambourine, a singing; gracious, there was never nothin' like it!"

"The poor thing don't seem to have no home," said Tite the elder, pathetically.

"No, and it would be a act of charity."

"What would be a act of charity, Dolly?"

"Why to take that poor child; she'd coin us mints o' money."

"So she would, that's a fact. It would be a act of charity," said Mr. Tite, with emphasis; "that is," he added, thoughtfully, "if she could pay her own passage out. But, Dolly, I couldn't afford to pay her passage, I don't think."

"No, but maybe if they knew we're willin' to take her, they'd git up a subscription, rather than have the care of her. I'm afraid they'll put her to hard work here."

"So they might, and I shouldn't wonder if they did; suppose you start it!"

They went to work early the next morning. Rachel was delighted with the prospect of going with them. Tormented with the fear that the terrible Irishman was still searching for her, she felt that Tite, with his broad back and long arms, was more than a match for her enemy, and that under his protection she was perfectly safe. The woman, to whose kindness the factory girl had commended little Rachel, was, to tell the truth, very glad to get rid of the care of her keeping, and when her story was circulated, and it was understood that she had been robbed of her little fortune, the dimes, and in some cases dollars began to flow towards her, till there was not only enough to pay for her passage, but something over, which the considerate Mrs. Tite dedicated to a strong stuff gown in which the child was to commence her travels.

Rachel was quite happy now, she had found a protector, and in the gratitude of her heart she would have performed any service, however menial, to help them. Thus when she heard what was expected of her, while she was on her journey, she acquiesced readily. She could learn to play the tambourine—she knew she could; she would do her best to try, and perhaps, too, she could learn to sing. They did not tell her that it was her beauty, not her playing or singing, that would bring in the money.

After their arrival in the great city of New York, it took some time for them to get settled to their mind. A cheap tenement-house, in a

court, almost as dirty and dark as Trotter Place, was the residence upon which they decided, at last, and Rachel was soon installed in her new home, with tambourine and castanets for her daily companions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kings and Queens of England.

JAMES II.

Immediately after the death of Charles II. his brother James was declared king. They were sons of Charles I. James II. and his queen were crowned April 23, 1685. The ceremony was attended with less pomp than usual, by which sixty thousand pounds were saved to the nation; the king's economy was also apparent in the funeral of his brother, which was celebrated with very little parade or expense. He was obliged to be frugal, as the prodigality of the preceding reign had left an exhausted treasury. Charles II. and Catharine left no children.

James assured the people of his determination to protect and maintain the religion established by law, and the rights and properties of his subjects; but he soon after published a declaration of liberty of conscience, and asserted that non-conformity to the established religion was no longer penal.

Being led by rash counsellors, he removed many Protestants from their offices, both in church and state, and filled their places with Catholics. He was so severe that his friends, the Catholics, considered his conduct dangerous and unadvisable; even the pope sent an ambassador to England, warning the king of the imprudence of his conduct, which seemed no less than blind infatuation.

The two parties, which had been distinguished as the court party and the people's party, were now called Whigs and Tories, which names have continued to this day, though they were at first terms of reproach. As the great mass of the people composed the Whig party, the elections depended on them.

A rebellion, headed by the Duke of Monmouth, was soon suppressed by James, and the rebels punished with great severity. The Duke of Monmouth was beheaded, and his followers suffered cruelties disgraceful to the victors and shocking to humanity. There were not in the kingdom two men more destitute of religion, honor and humanity than

Judge Jeffries and General Kirk, to whose power these unhappy subjects were delivered; their punishments were very severe; six hundred were barbarously hanged, some were cruelly whipped, and some were sold for slaves to the American planters. The American colonies had been enlarged by the conquest of New York from the Dutch, and by the settlement of South Carolina and Pennsylvania, and were regarded with increasing interest.

It was very injudicious in James to permit such cruelties in the beginning of his reign, when by clemency he might have conciliated the affections of his people, and inspired them with a favorable opinion of his intentions; but his imprudent and unkind acts soon occasioned his complete ruin.

His grand object was to establish the Catholic religion, and to make his power absolute. He obtained an act which declared that the king had the power of dispensing with the laws; this entirely altered the constitution. He pretended to procure liberty of conscience for all sects, but he did not limit his views to a liberal toleration, as his measures all tended to subvert the religion and laws of the kingdom.

The conduct of James excited the indignation of the people, who combined almost universally against him; the nobles, one after another, deserted him; and when he resolved to use force, he found that he could not rely on the obedience of the army. The fate of his father determined him to flee to France, in which he was secretly assisted by the Prince of Orange, who had arrived in England. James reigned three years. He was fifty-two years old when he came to the throne. He embarked for France December 23, 1688, where he safely arrived, and enjoyed for the rest of his days the title of king among a people who pitied and despised him. The flight of James left the nation in a state of anarchy, without a king, a parliament, or any system of government, when the peers concluded that it belonged to them to provide for the safety of the kingdom. They requested the Prince of Orange, a son-in-law of the king, to summon a parliament, which met and resolved that the king's flight was an abdication of his rights, and that the crown should be offered to the Prince and Princess of Orange as joint sovereigns, but under certain terms set forth in the "Bill of Rights."

This "Bill" defined the powers of the sovereign and the rights of the people, and deter-

mined the long contested questions which had given so much trouble to the nation. This may be considered one of the most important eras in English history.

During the short reign of James II. the commerce of the country greatly increased, and the nation had never before attained so high a degree of prosperity. He died September 17, 1701, being at the time of his death sixty-eight years of age.

ANNE HYDE, WIFE OF JAMES II.

Anne Hyde was the daughter of Lord Clarendon, Sir Edward Hyde. She was appointed a maid of honor to Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I., when she married the Prince of Orange; and it was at his sister's court that James became acquainted with her. His mother, the Queen Henrietta Maria, was bitterly opposed to this marriage, and did all in her power to prevent it. They were privately married a few months before Charles II. came to the throne of England, in 1660; and the next new year's day the queen mother became reconciled to them. Anne is represented as being beautiful and very amiable. She had two daughters, Mary, who married her cousin William, Prince of Orange, and Anne, who married George, Prince of Denmark. They both became queens of England. All her other children died in infancy. Her religion was that of the established church, in which she educated her daughters; but on her death-bed she declared herself a Roman Catholic. She died in 1670. Soon after her death James withdrew from the communion of the Church of England, though no entreaties of his mother had ever induced him to forsake the faith in which his father had educated him.

MARIA BEATRICE ELEANORA D'ESTÉ, QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Maria d'Esté was the daughter of Alphonso d'Esté, Duke of Modena; her mother was Laura Martinuzzi, the daughter of a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and she was a niece of the famous Cardinal Mazarine of France. The House of Esté was of illustrious descent, and no family in Europe has contributed more to the progress of civilization. The present queen of England is the representative of a branch of the family of Esté, by the marriage of Prince Aro Esté with the heiress of a Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph, when the eldest son by this alliance took the name and estates of his German mother.

Maria Beatrice married James, Duke of

York, October 1, 1673. Five days after, she completed her fifteenth year. James was forty. It was with great reluctance that she consented to become his wife, but in a short time became very fond of him, and to the time of his death, nearly thirty years, they lived in great harmony, though they had many trials. Four of their children died in infancy and childhood. Their youngest son, James Francis Edward, called the Pretender, will be spoken of hereafter. He was no pretender, but the rightful heir to the British throne. Their youngest daughter, Maria Louisa, was educated for a nun, and died at the age of eighteen. Maria Stuart died May 7, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile, having survived her husband James II. nearly seventeen years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Halls of Dreamy Woodlands.

BY IDA AFTON.

Halls of the dreamy woodlands,
Paths where my childhood's feet
Tripped o'er the cool brown mosses,
Down where the shadows meet—
Down where the mystic stillness
Wooded me to seek your glades—
Halls of the breezy woodlands,
Would I might greet your shades.

Soft as the breath of angels,
Over my fevered brow,
Stole up the scent of violets
Under the drooping bough;
Never were rose-lamped hedges
Richer with rainbow-dew,
Where, over silvery pebbles,
Glided the brooklet through.

Down from the sun-kissed uplands,
Fragrant with rustling corn,
Passing the nodding daisies,
Honey-bees came at morn,
Swinging all day in blossoms,
Sipping their dainty wines,
Humming the runes of breezes
Under the leafy vines.

Halls of the breezy woodlands,
Nevermore may my feet
Press, where in leafy portals
Silver-tongued echoes meet;
Down where the wood-birds carol
Trilled through your flowery glades—
Halls of the dreamy woodlands,
Would I might greet your shades.

Disloyalty.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

It was a public day at Sheffield. From the sitting-room windows at the Oaks we could see groups of men gathered upon the village green, gesticulating vehemently as though in earnest discussion, and now and then an angry note of altercation struck sharply through the still summer afternoon, making unpleasant discord in Nature's psalm of thanksgiving and praise.

"Ah, 'tis a shame, and so strange," cried peace-loving Lily, "that half a dozen persons cannot come together now-a-days without getting into some wrathful dispute about national affairs."

"Not strange, Lily," mother said. "These are stormy times. Men feel deeply and express themselves strongly. Scarcely two persons see things from precisely the same standpoint. Hardly three, even if united in their views of the end to be attained, agree exactly in their notions of the best method of attaining it. Under strong excitement, wordy combats will necessarily ensue between those of dissenting opinions regarding popular questions."

Just then we heard the gate shut with a heavy clang, and Frank came up the walk with quick, impatient tread. Stepping upon the veranda, he turned hastily around, threw off his hat, pushed the hair away from his forehead, and stood silently looking towards the town—a smouldering fire in his fine, dark eyes, a hot flush of anger on his bronzed cheeks.

"Come in, Francis." Mother always spoke his name with such deep accents of pride and tenderness. We had noticed it more since he came back to us maimed and broken—one of the many sad wrecks cast up from the blood-red sea of war. His misfortune ennobled, glorified him in her eyes—and not in hers alone.

"Come in, Francis."

"Presently, mother."

Something in his tone, in his manner, attracted her attention, accustomed as she was to detect every shade of feeling in the countenances and voices of her dear ones.

"What has disturbed you, my son?" she asked, leaning from the open window beside which she was sitting.

"Traitors! Don't make me talk; I feel as though I were possessed with a legion of devils," he broke forth, wheeling sharply about, and beginning to pace back and forth in an excited manner.

Lily crossed herself in mimic terror. Helen,

who from her low seat near the door had been eyeing him mischievously over the top of Hawthorn's "Scarlet Letter," started up suddenly, exclaiming in tragic voice—

"What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane."

She sprang out on the veranda with the air of a braggadocio, and went storming up and down at a furious pace.

"Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear
thyself?
Woo't drink up Esile, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't—"

"Bravo, Nell! You out-Hamlet Hamlet," Frank said, laughing in spite of himself at her absurd-acting. "Don't make sport of me," throwing his arm around her and drawing her in-doors. "A man can't nurse wrath a great while in an atmosphere like this, but I have been nearly choking with it for the last two hours."

"Tell me truly," she began, putting a hand on each side of his face and bringing it around in full view of her merry eyes, "upon honor, now, was it your voice that I heard dealing out judgment to traitors a little while ago?"

"Is it possible?" put in Lily. "And my very last words to him as he went out were, 'Now keep cool, Frank;' and he said, 'Yes, Lily.'"

Frank stood convicted.

"Where have you been, Helen?"

"Such a ravishing little humming-bird, with golden green coat, and flaming red collar, and black, bead eyes, kept whirring into the wood-bines and darting his delicate wings in my face. I was quite sure he was challenging me to catch him, so I threw down my book and gave chase. Away he whirled to the lilacs, I following; then back he sailed to the jasmines, and sat there swinging till I came up, hot and panting; then off he darted to the eglantines, and then I got so near him that if I had only had some salt, you know—when whirr! the glistening sprite was sitting on the highest twig in the hedge of wild roses. And so on from bush to bush the cunning one led me, nodding encouragingly every time he lighted, as if to say, 'Don't give up, you'll have me presently,' till at last the arch deceiver shot straight up in the air, like the monk from Cicero's Tower that you read about last night in 'Titan,' and then I stood, baffled and out of

breath, down by the thicket of laurels, skirting the common, and a ~~eat~~ storm of voices thundering in my ears. At first I was quite stunned by the confusion of tongues, but as I was about to run away these words shaped themselves out of the chaos: 'I tell you, man, we shall come out of this war a miserable, disgraced remnant of a once prosperous and powerful people—treasuries emptied, credit gone, public and private properties swallowed up in the general ruin, the whole land laid desolate, upon all sides men groaning under the heavy and unreasonable burdens laid upon them, the best blood and sinew of the nation wasted in an unholy strife, the flower of our population, the noble youth of the country, cut off, or, worse, physically shattered and fearfully demoralized, with spent energies and powers, for future usefulness wholly crippled. And all this for the "preservation of our honor!" Our honor! Stuff! A fine-sounding phrase, truly, but not half the fanatical mob who ring it in our ears know of what they are talking. For my part, I think this a cruel, unnatural, fratricidal war, and we might better have yielded to any demand of the South than ever to have entered upon it.' Here the eloquent speaker subsided, possibly for want of breath to proceed, and another coarse, brutal voice chimed in: 'You're right, Mr. Smith, you're right. The North is to blame. Yes, sir, the North ought to have yielded, compromised, submitted, or something or other. I always said so. Yes, *sir*, I always said so. It's my mind the South has got the best of it—got the *best* of it, *sir*.' Then you thundered—I'm sure 'twas your voice, Frank, though so choked with passion I scarcely recognized it—"

Frank interrupted her.

"Then I thundered, 'In the fiend's name, why are you not in the open service of the side you espouse, battling, sacrificing, suffering, giving your lives if need be in defence of the glorious principles of truth, honor, justice, liberty, and right, embodied—according to your views—in the Southern cause? Why are you skulking here, in the mask face of loyalty, under the protection of a Government so palpably in the wrong, so obstinately bent upon its own destruction and the ruination of all who lend it support? Secret workers of evil! Shameless vilifiers of the good and true! Is it for such as you that patriots are suffering hardship and privation?—daring peril and danger?—making of their breasts a bulwark for the defence of your liberties?—laying down their lives for the protection and promotion of

your interests and those of your posterity? For an outspoken, undisguised, all-daring traitor, who meets me in open field and fights me with legitimate weapons, I have, comparatively, some mingling of respect; but as for you, reptiles! the ground whereon you creep is cursed, the air you breathe is venomous; you are a plague spot to the eyes, and a stench in the nostrils, of every loyal man, and he would hasten the reign of truth and freedom on the earth who swept you off the face of it!"

"That was very strong language, Francia."

"I know it, mother. It was abusive language. Under less excitement I never should have spoken as I did. But I was angry; and I am angry yet."

Helen threw her arms around his neck and kissed him rapturously.

"Frank, dear old boy, you're the brother of my heart. But what happened then? I ran up to the house in the very midst of your oration, for I feared if I stayed a minute longer I should break through the bushes and make a speech too."

"You deserve credit for your discretion, Nellie. Well, nothing 'happened' then. I left Messrs. Jones and Smith glaring at me in dumb, white rage, and walked off with the secret purpose of smothering my wrath; but finding that an impossibility where fresh kindlings were being continually added, I finally put Satan behind me and came home."

"And we wont let you go down town again to-night, either, you bad-tempered young man," cried Lily. "No, not even to hear the inflammable discourses of the Hon. Mr. ——. You are our prisoner, sir, and we shall hold you by force of arms; wont we, Helen; wont we, coz Mabel?"

Frank had crossed the room and taken a chair beside the little work-stand, where Mabel sat trailing a pencil through the labyrinths of an intricate braiding pattern, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently, if one failed to note the changing color in her cheek, an uninterested listener.

"What does Mabel say?" A tenderness in his eyes, a depth of feeling in his voice, not perceptible in addressing others.

She rested her pencil and looked up smiling.

"Patience and forbearance are excellent virtues, cousin Frank."

"But virtues which the most saintly fail sometimes to exercise. Even Christ was wroth with the hypocrites who sat in Moses's seat."

The pencil was wandering again.

"If you justify yourself by such high authority, you must experience great inward satisfaction."

"I do not seek to justify myself, Mabel; I only think if you could know fully my provocation, you would regard my offence more lightly. Is it an easy thing to stand coldly and calmly by and hear the cause to which you have sacrificed your best powers, and for which you would willingly give your life, spoken of as unholy and unjust? and the measures which you know to have been enforced with a view to the highest interests of the nation denounced as wicked, abominable, and oppressive?"

"Consider from whom the denunciation comes. Men who have not one spark of patriotism—no, nor even a definite idea of what patriotism really is, and are not to be blamed for it any more than you are to be blamed for the passionate blood which hurries you into rashness of speech and act so many times. Men who are only touched with a sense of wrong and injustice when their own personal interests are encroached upon, and who, under any rule and in any condition, would groan and grumble if called upon to make the slightest sacrifice, and do and give only by compulsion, and with angry protestations against 'the powers that be.'"

"Not these alone vex me," Frank said, "but otherwise high-principled and noble-souled men, to whom I would have looked for a generous support of all that favored the growth of human and divine rights, yet who are clamoring noisily now for peace—peace upon any terms—by separation, by surrender, by total subjection—without regard to honor, without respect to the dead who have fallen for the truth—holding a shameful submission to wrong a lesser evil than the continuance of a struggle which necessitates such costly sacrifices."

"Honest, well-meaning, but not heroic nor far-seeing souls," Mabel answered. "We will not condemn them without mercy. War, upon the face of it, is barbarous, atrocious, and unchristian-like, and to a timid soul, looking only upon the surface of things, and seeing the undeniable present evils flowing from this life and death contest between brother and brother, and not comprehending clearly the principle involved in the struggle, such wanton bloodshed, such reckless waste of human life, must indeed seem unjustifiable. To those who believe not that the spirit of God is moving upon the troubled waters, that out of the night and the chaos His hand in due season shall bring forth light and order, the present time is full

of doubt and discouragement. Such merit compassion rather than wrath."

"But then there is so much cavilling, so much gratuitous and uncalled-for criticism of leaders and measures," Frank went on. "Why, there's scarcely a man in this little village—and I suppose it is nearly the same all over the land—but believes, or at least talks as if he believed, that he could direct affairs at the Capital, and lead the armies in the field with far greater wisdom, boldness, and success, than attends these matters now. We are a race of critics, and none in all so insignificant but he can detect flaws and offer suggestions. Only let accident bring a man into public notice, and instantly press and people set up such a howling of mingled admiration, spite, and ferocity, that, unless the unfortunate one be possessed of a wonderfully strong, well-balanced mental organization, he becomes so afflicted with self-consciousness that he cannot move naturally, and is continually haunted with his 'me,' like poor Schoppe, who, when his eye chanced to fall upon his hands or legs, broke out in a cold sweat of fear. I wonder that the worn, weary man who sits at the helm of the old ship Union, with all this clamorous crew at his back, has not been driven to desperation or reduced to a state of idiocy long ere this."

Mabel smiled at his impetuosity.

"I trust the good masters of the ship are not subject to mental aberrations, cousin Frank. But think you our safety rests in their guidance? They are but instruments in the hands of the mightier Master, who, though all on board should cry 'We perish!' will lift our straining ship into serenest seas at last. 'Fre' not thyself because of evil-doers,' Frank. After all, evil is only an under-force in the world, and subservient to righteous ends."

At this moment loud and prolonged cheering rose from the village. Simultaneously Helen, who had left the room a short time previous, appeared at the door with tea-bell in hand, and rang vociferously peal upon peal, until we involuntarily threw our hands to our ears, and begged her to desist. The gleeful girl laughed merrily—

"That was in honor of the spokesman of the peace party, and this," tinkling the bell softly, "is a summons to supper. Good friends, Madcap is the only practical and sensible one among you, for while you have been saying all sorts of distracted things on a distracting subject, she has been attending to your bodily needs, and has spread you a repast that the

far-famed 'chivalry' would delight to partake of. Now the first one that says a word about 'war' in the next half hour shall leave the table in disgrace, and be sent to bed supperless. Proceed, mother."

Sometime.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The night's gray shadow rests upon the hills—

An autumn night, with summer in the sky—

But when I list for June's sweet whippoorwills,

The cold winds greet me with a lonesome sigh;

And as I watch the golden glory glow,

Its radiance changes to a sable dye.

Once I loved autumn—loved these calm, cold nights,

The steel-blue skies so dark and strangely deep,

Flushed at the base with fiery Northern Lights,

For wild and fervid for their polar keep—

Loved with strong love the gleaming silver stars

That scorned to slumber in the time of sleep.

To-night I shudder at the very breath

Of the north wind—its prophecies of snow

Chill and distress me like the touch of death!

'Tis not the autumn wind of long ago—

'Tis colder, drearier, not so kind and sweet—

It comes from bleak hills that I do not know.

'Tis cold—but not so cold as that still vale

Beside the river, where the oak trees moan—

Where the wan moonlight falls so ghostly pale

On many a whitely glimmering funeral stone.

Oh, God! that he should be so very near,

And I yet be so hopelessly alone!

I wonder if the dead, from their high home

Beyond the veil, where we do fondly think

Sorrow, and pain, and doubting, never come

To cross the mystic river's crystal brink—

I wonder if they sympathize with us

Who weep, heart-broken, o'er the severed link?

I wonder if one thrill of pitying love,

For us in anguish, ever stirs their rest?

If, in the calm delights of Heaven above,

An earthly grief can touch an angel's breast?

Oh, could I feel, from out the mists of space,

Of that lost love the slightest manifest!

God help me! I am weak and weary here,

Lacking the all that made life sweetly fair;

I grow so restless, doubt so much, and fear

That all may not be as we think it there!

Life looks so sad, and 'tis so long to wait,

The road is dreary to the golden stair.

Sometime, I know, it will be sweetly calm,

When this existence lies within the Past!

When I shall hear the grand, euphonious psalm

Rise like the incense of a holocaust—

Sometime I shall join hands with him again,

And find my life's lost glory at the last!

The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVII.

What was Janet Strong to do? Day after day she pondered this question; night after night she prayed God to teach her; and down through the starry silences there came no answer to her troubled soul. She told herself that Wealthy Dana must be rescued from this man at any cost. Out of her great love and yearning it seemed to Janet that she was ready to give her own life for the rescue of her friend; but her way was so hedged about, she strained her eyes on every side and could find no path. For her common sense—you must have perceived that this Janet Strong possessed in an unusual degree, that harmony among the reasoning faculties, judgment, which is identical with this name—her common sense assured her that there might be less peril in silence than to proceed rashly in this matter.

Should she write to Wealthy Dana? Her pen could never do justice to Margaret Ritter's story; and if she did, would the pure-minded, high-spirited girl believe it? Would she not consider it her first duty to reveal all the facts to her betrothed husband? And how easy it would be for Ralph Brainerd to deny the whole thing. With what semblance of injured innocence and indignant scorn he would do it.

And what proof had Janet of the truth of Mark Ritter's story? Would not Ralph Brainerd insist that the whole was concocted by a villain or a madman? And would not the fact that the other was seeking his life go far to sustain him? Then what better result would follow if she acquainted Mr. and Mrs. Winchester with the facts? They were prejudiced greatly in favor of their niece's betrothed, and it would be utterly impossible to convince them without absolute proof that Ralph Brainerd was the villain, which Janet no more doubted that he was than she did the existence of her own soul.

Then there was Mrs. Humphreys. But the light-hearted, "little bird of a woman" was the last one to be trusted with a secret of this kind, and if left to her own impulses would be likely to do just the most injudicious thing possible. If she could be made to believe the story, she would insist on going with it at once to her parents and cousin, and no doubt her injudiciousness would give the accused an immense advantage.

But would she believe it? Evelyn was

obstinate in her fancies, and Ralph Brainerd was one of these. Would she not espouse his cause with her usual vehemence, and repudiate the whole thing as a foul slander! Plainly there were reasons enough why Janet should not confide in Mrs. Humphreys at this juncture. Then, there was her husband. As Janet's first thought had recurred to him so did her last.

That Guy Humphreys had some vague suspicions regarding the character of his class-mate his conversation with her had afforded proof, and although these might be now laid to rest, she was certain that he was not so blindly prejudiced in favor of his late guest, as not to judge the probabilities of his guilt with some fairness. But other lions stood in the way here. If he attempted to sift the matter to the bottom she might bring Mark Ritter into trouble, for Guy Humphreys considered it no light thing to attempt the life of a man on his premises, and that man his guest, and had often alluded to the matter in terms of extreme severity.

Would his indignation against the incomparably greater sinner be mighty enough to cause him to forgive the lesser? Mark Ritter had evidently disappeared, but Mr. Humphreys' first step would, in all probability, be to institute a search for him; and Janet feared the country youth would feel that she had betrayed the confidence which he had reposed in her, and which she felt was doubly sacred because she was a nameless stranger to him.

He had, it is true, exacted no promise on her part, but she well knew that he had believed his secret safe with her. Still she must not sacrifice Wealthy by withholding the truth, only she wanted first to secure him from the law to which he had made himself amenable. Then it was natural that this modest-souled, pure-hearted girl-woman should shrink from relating the story of Maggie Ritter to any man.

There were times when it seemed to her her voice and heart would fail to repeat it, and so, doubtful and perplexed, two or three weeks went over Janet, and found the heavy secret locked up in her own soul. Long before this she had convalesced from her illness, and went about the house and superintended Maude's lessons as before.

Still there was a change which had its roots in her mental disquiet, and the shock her nerves had undergone. She was absent and startled at the slightest noise, and the pretty buds which used to lie in her cheeks and seemed ready to spring into bloom, were pale

and less steadfast now. They all of them noticed the change and gossiped about it in the kindest way before her face and behind it, and almost embarrassed her by their insistence on quiet and little exertion on her part. Even Maude felt the change. One day Janet's thoughts slipped away from the lesson to the friend she loved best on earth, and her little pupil had twice interrogated her and received no reply.

Janet, indeed, did not know that she had spoken; and Maude put down her book and looked up into her teacher's face with a gaze half of solicitude, half of wonder, and then slipping her small, dimpled palm into Janet's, she said—

"You feel bad about something, don't you?"

"No—yes; nothing to talk about," answered Janet, suddenly recalled to the present, and striving to keep the truth in her words, at least; and with a sudden, almost passionate impulse she flung her arms about the girl's neck, and kissed her over and over. The sight of the little sympathetic face had touched her deeply.

There was a witness of all this. That part of the house in which the "study-room," as Maude had christened it, was located, was undergoing some slight repairs, and the lessons transpired that morning in an alcove of the reception-room, where Janet fancied there would be little prospect of interruption.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys returned early from their drive, and while the lady ran up stairs to remove her riding-dress, her husband sought the reception-room, as was his habit, to enjoy his papers unmolested. But Maude's words arrested her uncle's footsteps before they were discovered, and Janet's reply did not deceive him so readily as it did her pupil. Some trouble or anxiety lay behind it. The gentleman had quite too high a regard for Janet to dismiss the thought with the knowledge, and there flashed across his mind the question which the physician had asked whom they had summoned to Janet the day after her illness when he had returned home.

When Mr. Humphreys had accompanied him to his chaise, at the close of his visit, the doctor had said to him, in answer to some query about his patient—

"She has had no sudden surprise or alarm of late, has she?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind, I assure you, sir," answered the gentleman, speaking out his first conviction.

"I inquired," answered the astute old doc-

tor, "because it struck me at first that her nerves had undergone some sudden nervous shock, to which her whole system had keenly responded. But in that case time and nature could only restore her, as it will be certain to do now in a few days."

Could it be, Guy Humphreys asked himself, that the doctor's words had, after all, touched the truth? Was there some secret trouble at the bottom of Janet's sudden illness, and the change in her looks and manner? Was there any one in the world who held the right or the power to give her pain? She had distinctly assured them that she had no near living relative, and Janet Strong would tell nothing but the truth—he would stake his life on that.

But he recalled now the search they had had for her that night of her illness, and that they had all taken for granted Evelyn's characteristic explanation of the matter, that "Miss Janet had fallen into a poetical trance," which it was very unlike her to do, for Janet was not given to peculiarities of that kind, whether natural or affected.

Guy Humphreys was quite too well bred, too much of a man indeed, to intrude himself into other people's affairs, but the slight mystery which always environed Maude's governess, together with his unusual interest in her, stimulated his curiosity; and there was, to do him justice, added to all these, an earnest desire to relieve her from any sorrow which might be oppressing her. Had she met any one in the grove, and was this meeting the cause of her subsequent illness and imperfect convalescence? Mr. Humphreys determined to keep his suspicions to himself, and to watch his "little governess" narrowly. A day or two afterwards, Mrs. Humphreys had a headache, and Janet took her place at the supper table. Maude and her uncle were the only ones present, and after a little natural jesting all around at Janet's position, the host noticed that the young lady's face fell into the slight shadow which had haunted it since her illness.

Her thoughts were evidently far away from the table, and she did not observe that her pupil sustained the principal part in the conversation. Guy Humphreys took his resolve then. When the meal was over, and Maude had trotted busily off on some childish errand, he walked to the window, and said—

"How finely the sunset tints the tops of those trees in the grove yonder. Have you ever observed it, Miss Janet?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with, for her, a singu-

lar lack of interest. "I have frequently admired it."

"It is the interior of the grove, however, I believe which attracts you more strongly; yet it is hardly a safe or convenient retreat for surreptitious interviews and dark revelations."

Vague suspicions only were afloat in the mind of Guy Humphreys. He really intended that his words should seem a mere jest, but intent on watching their effect on Janet he put more significance in them than he was aware of. He would, the next moment, have given a good deal to recall his random speech, for Janet's eyes leaped into a swift terror. Her face blanched; she fairly gasped for breath. Had she suffered less keenly of late her self-control would have asserted itself, but now her fears leaped at once to the conclusion that Mr. Humphreys must be informed in some way of her interview with Mark Ritter, and she gasped out, half incoherently—

"Who told you—have you seen him?"

"Seen who? I don't understand you, Miss Janet," answered the gentleman, almost as much bewildered as she was.

"Yes, I see now, that you must know all. Don't keep me in suspense, I entreat, Mr. Humphreys."

"All of what, my poor child? There is some dark meaning behind this!"

If Janet had had better mastery of herself at the moment, these answers must have convinced her that Mr. Humphreys was still in the dark with regard to the whole matter. But his first remark together with his manner of making it, had impressed her with a conviction that he knew all she had longed and feared to tell him.

She tried to answer him; instead of words there was a great sob in her throat. Guy Humphreys was fairly shocked. Convinced now that his suspicions had a broad ground, and that some real, tangible evil was brooding over Janet, he said—

"Will you trust me—will you tell what the trouble is, and how I can serve you in this matter?"

Wide enough of the truth still, but Janet did not see it in her bewilderment.

"You are not going to arrest him?" she pleaded.

"Janet," said Guy Humphreys, standing close to her now, "there is some wrong here deeper than I see. Some evil threatens you which I cannot comprehend, but I perceive now, it has been weighing on you for weeks,

and was the cause of your illness. Let me know what it is."

"No—no—not me, but her," she stammered, only half comprehending his words.

"Not you—but her," he repeated, staring at Janet.

"Yes, threatens her, Wealthy Dana, I mean.

The gentleman drew a long breath. This was the first glimpse of light which he had had.

"Then it is for Wealthy, and not for yourself"—

She interrupted him here.

"Yes, for Wealthy. I would lay down my life to save her from the fate that awaits her."

Of course Mr. Humphreys had now no scruples in probing this matter to the core. As Janet regained in some degree her composure it became apparent to her, from the nature of Mr. Humphreys's questions, that he was entirely ignorant of the real facts, but she had inadvertently revealed too much at the beginning to withhold the truth now.

After a little while, however, Guy Humphreys ceased to question. There was no need of it. Once launched upon the tide of her story, Janet did not pause. She kept on, holding nothing back, except once or twice, when her tears did. Guy Humphreys sat still, leaning his head on his hand, listening to every word, making no sign, save that his rapid breaths told Janet that he was deeply excited. No one disturbed them. The sunset went out, and the twilight was quenched in darkness. Neither of these two knew it. Janet was utterly lost in the telling, as Guy Humphreys was in the hearing her story.

She had always shrunk from the thought of repeating Mark Ritter's tale, because she felt it utterly beyond her power to impart to it the wonderful reality and pathos which he had that evening in the grove. But, the story lost nothing in Janet's telling. Her feelings carried her utterly away, as they never would if a like peril had not once stood at her own door.

She painted, as she could not otherwise have done, the picture of the pretty, innocent, trusting country-girl, led on by the arts of this accomplished villain to her ruin, for which neither God nor man could hold her accountable; and remembering the sweet enticements of Robert Crandall, Janet almost felt that she was pleading her own cause in Margaret Ritter's. Her intense feeling carried her now out of all fear and shame. From beginning to end she laid bare every scene and circumstance connected with the diabolical plot which had entrapped the little country school teacher, and her own

sympathies gave them an awful vividness and reality.

Had the choice been left betwixt Janet and Mark Ritter, no doubt Ralph Brainerd would have preferred the former should disclose his crime to his classmate, but he would have made a mistake. Even Mark could not tell his sister's story as Janet did that night. And when she paused at last there was no more to tell.

Then Guy Humphreys rose up; through all he had not spoken. He brought down his hand on the table so heavily that it sent a shiver through the massive wood.

"The base scoundrel!" he muttered. "He ought to be hanged!"

Janet did not know how every word that she had spoken had carried with it a conviction of its truth to her hearer, and his speech lifted from her soul the great dread which had held her through all her talk lest he should doubt her story.

"Thank God," on a long-drawn breath.

"You believe it?"

"Every word of it, Janet."

And she could faintly discern him walking up and down the room in the darkness, and hear him mutter to himself—

"To think he has been under my roof all these weeks, the honored and petted guest of my wife, and that we all have smiled on him, and hung on his talk, and he has turned out in the end such a villain! This explains, too, his conduct that night he was shot. It struck me as singular at the time. No doubt he felt there were men in the world whose vengeance he had reason to fear."

Guy Humphreys was a man of high and honorable instincts. His standard of right and wrong was far more a conventional than a Christian one, and he might be disposed to regard lightly many things which the latter would absolutely condemn. But to enter her home, and coolly plot the ruin of an innocent and trusting girl, and succeed in his foul purpose by a system of lies and treachery worthy the arch fiend himself, was something which roused, as it must in the heart of any man worthy the name, the strongest indignation of Guy Humphreys.

"And Wealthy Dana may be this man's affianced wife!" said Janet, concentrating here the meaning to which all the previous talk had pointed.

"I have little doubt but she is. In fact Brainerd told me as much that last night of his visit."

"Oh, Mr. Humphreys!" pleaded Janet, "we must save her at any cost."

Then Guy Humphreys sat down by Janet's side.

"Yes, she must be saved" he said, "and I am ready to do anything which lies in my power, and there is no time to lose, Janet; why have you not told me this earlier?"

"Because—because I had not the courage to, and I was afraid that you might not believe it, or that it would bring Mark Ritter to harm."

"I see, I see; and so you have been sick and growing pale and thin all this time over that rascal's work—"

"Don't think of me, only of Wealthy Dana. Can she be made to believe what we do?"

"If she can, there is an end of Ralph Brainerd's suit. I know she would then scorn and loathe him with all her high, pure soul; but the man will tell his own story, and you know how he can do it, and Wealthy loves him."

"But we must prove the truth beyond a doubt to her own mind."

"There's the point; to do it, we must get hold of this Mark Ritter; and yet in that case Brainerd will have the advantage, unless we manage very adroitly, because the other attempted his life."

Janet's fears for Mark took alarm again.

"We must not drag him into danger. We must save Wealthy ourselves."

Guy Humphreys rose and walked up and down the room once or twice, then he came and stood before her.

"Janet," he said, "you know how it is with your sex. You know how women, the best and purest, do not visit on our heads a tithe of the condemnation which they do on yours in things of this kind. Forgive me for speaking so, but you know what men good women do often marry."

"I know it," said Janet, feeling that the admission against her own sex fairly bowed her to the earth with sorrow and shame. But she rallied in an instant. "Still, any woman who so marries sins fearfully against her own soul, and in some sense endorses and takes on it another's guilt."

"Ah, if all women only thought and acted so, ours would be better and purer than it is."

"But Wealthy Dana—surely you do not mean to include her with these?" faltered Janet.

"No; I regard and honor Wealthy Dana above most women. Bring her for one moment to believe the villainy of Ralph Brainerd, and

she would leave him at the foot of the altar. But think how he would gloss it all over if compelled to admit the truth of any part of Mark Ritter's story; and Wealthy loves him, and met him first under my roof," he added, with a pang of self-reproach.

As Janet lifted her hand, she caught the gleam of the emerald ring which her friend had placed there.

"Mr. Humphreys," she said, with a sudden desperation, "we must do something without delay. What is it?"

"In the first place, I shall try to discover Mark Ritter, and perhaps bring him and Wealthy, with her uncle and aunt, together. This may cause a few days' delay, but then it is best to move cautiously."

"And—and," her voice halting, and then hurrying through her question, "do you think it best to acquaint Mrs. Humphreys with the matter?"

It was too dark for Janet to see the slight smile of her listener, for he knew perfectly well Janet's thought at that moment.

"No, I think such a secret would be quite too heavy for Mrs. Humphreys to carry. She would be perfectly horrified, and take such violent sides either for or against the individual, who you know is now a great favorite with her, that I think it most judicious to preserve her in ignorant bliss."

It struck Janet that, if she had a husband, she should not wish him to speak of her in just that tone. She said nothing, however, and the gentleman added—

"You certainly have acted with marvellous discretion in this matter, only it has cost you too much pain."

Before Janet could reply, the door was burst open; a faint stream of light poured in from the hall.

"Why, uncle," cried the astonished voice of Maude, "you and Miss Janet are sitting here all alone in the dark."

"So we are, but I'd entirely forgotten it," said the gentleman.

"And so had I," subjoined Janet.

"Oh, wouldn't Aunt Evelyn joke you about it!" exclaimed the child, who had an almost precocious relish of Mrs. Humphreys's pretty jests.

"Tremendously, I suspect," laughed the gentleman, as he took the child and seated her on his knee.

That night, when Janet knelt down by her bedside, she remembered that God had answered her prayer in a way that she had not looked for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two weeks had gone. Meanwhile, the headache which had confined Mrs. Humphreys to her room one memorable evening, had developed itself into a fever, which, though not dangerous, had prevented her husband from leaving home.

He had, however, taken every measure in his power to discover Mark Ritter, but had failed to learn anything concerning him. He had disappeared from that vicinity, without affording the slightest clue to his destination.

Mr. Humphreys had at last resolved, after conferring with Janet, to go to New York as soon as his wife's convalescence admitted, and inform Mr. and Mrs. Winchester of the revelations which had transpired respecting Ralph Brainerd, and take counsel with them as to the time and method of acquainting Wealthy with the real character of her betrothed.

Mr. Humphreys, aware of his cousin's fondness for Janet, felt that no one could tell Margaret Ritter's story so well, and was anxious Wealthy should hear it from Janet's lips; but no ostensible reason could be invented for her visit to New York, and Evelyn was not strong enough now to be trusted with the real one. So Mr. Humphreys must go alone, and he had decided to do this the last of the week.

It was now late in November, and there had come, like a faint memory of the lost summer, two or three days of warm sunshine and south winds, sprinkled with the year's last fragrances. Mrs. Humphreys had taken a fancy to visit the friends where she and Guy had been in the spring, and they had now been absent for three days.

Meanwhile the weather changed, a storm set in, on whose wings the winter came down sudden and furious.

On this night of which I write, Janet Strong sat alone in her chamber. Outside the snow shook its white banners in the air, the winds tore through them with a fierce joy, plucking at the bare branches, raving in wild exultation through the night, and hurling the snow in sheets against the windows.

There was something in the wild spirit of a storm like this in which Janet usually took delight. The plunge and roar of the wind would have called to something in her, which seemed to rise up and shake its wings too, and go out on the storm. But now the anxiety at her heart was too keen for the winds to bear away. Her affection for Wealthy Dana had struck very deep roots in her nature; and as

Janet's friendships were so few, so were they the more intense.

She constantly feared that Ralph Brainerd would return to New York before Mr. Humphreys should reach the city, although the gentleman hardly participated in this fear, fancying, from some hints which Ralph Brainerd had dropped in his presence, that the business which summoned him West was of an imperative nature, and would detain him until the close of the year.

Janet had heard but twice from Wealthy, brief notes in both cases, evidently holding back whatsoever was most vital, and touching only on surface matters. Still Janet fancied that she could detect some new strength and joy throbbing underneath the light phrases, whose very power and sacredness held back Wealthy's words.

Janet was, however, very thankful for this, as it kept back all necessity of comment on her part. Wealthy's silence, too, at this crisis, her friend conjectured, was partly owing to her impression that, however much the little governess might admire Ralph Brainerd, he did not possess in the fullest sense her confidence.

But as she sat in her chamber thinking on all these things, a servant knocked at the door with a letter. It was in Wealthy's handwriting, and post-marked at Dayton, the small inland town where Wealthy's mother had been born, and where she still retained the old country-seat, and was herself in the habit of visiting it several times each year.

Janet tore open the letter and the meaning out of it. This one was longer than the others, and evidently written in a tumult of haste and excitement. Wealthy Dana was to be married that week—not earlier than Thursday. Ralph Brainerd had returned from the West a month ago, and his impatience brooked no delay.

Then he hated ceremonious weddings; so did Wealthy, and she had at last persuaded her uncle and aunt into allowing the marriage to come off quietly under the old home roof at Dayton, "like a couple of romantic, moon-struck lovers," as they were, Mr. Winchester insisted.

He and his wife, however, would be present, with several intimate friends; and Wealthy must have her cousins, and Janet also, at the ceremony. They would not fail her, she knew. She had not expected to be married for a year, but Ralph—*Aer* Ralph—had persuaded her that it was best; that he could not wait, as men with slower hearts and fainter love could, for

this the crowning joy of his love. And through the brief letter throbbed, and in the closing lines in which she prayed Janet to come to her, the deep exultant joy of Wealthy Dana's heart.

The mail which brought Janet's letter, brought another also from Wealthy to Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, announcing Wealthy's anticipated marriage, and inviting them to the wedding. Both letters had been unaccountably delayed for two days.

If her friend had been brought in and laid dead at her feet, I doubt whether Janet would have been paler than she was when she put down this letter.

It was too late to ask counsel of any human being now. A letter would not reach Guy Humphreys before to-morrow evening, and then it would be too late. But save Wealthy Dana, with the help of God, she would, and Janet knelt down by the bedside, and when she rose up her resolution was taken.

The train would be along in less than an hour. By taking it, she would intersect another, which would bring her to Dayton before sunset of the following day. It was her only chance.

Janet left a brief note for Mr. Humphreys, explaining the cause of her absence, and then went down to the housekeeper's room.

"Mrs. Deal," her steady eyes burned out a pallid face, "I am going to order Samuel to carry me over to the depot. I shall be gone for a day or two."

Mrs. Deal put down her work in blank amazement, and stared helplessly at Janet.

"Going off in such a night as this? It will be the death of you."

"I think not; but even if I knew it would, I doubt whether *that* would alter my determination to start. It is a case of more than life or death that takes me away."

"But such a night as this!" again persisted the housekeeper, uncertain in her own mind whether Janet had lost her wits and gone suddenly mad. "If Mr. Humphreys was only here."

But Janet had already gone in search of the coachman.

Great was that lymphatic individual's consternation when he received Janet's order, issued with a quiet authority which alone ensured his obedience after his first expostulations.

"It's not fit for a dog, lettin' alone a woman, to be out on such a night as this."

"I do not deny that, Samuel, only if the

carriage is not here within fifteen minutes I shall set out for the depot on foot."

Mrs. Deal had descended to the kitchen with some vague notion of conspiring with the servants to lock Janet up; but when she caught these last words, and met the dead resolution of Janet's eyes, the old lady felt utterly powerless for any such coercion.

She followed Janet up to her room, however, and assisted her in the rapid preparations which she made for her journey, and taking care above all that she was properly wrapped up for it. And when Samuel drove up with the carriage, Janet, warmly cloaked and shawled, stood waiting in the door. Mrs. Deal and the servants had followed her, frightened and bewildered. At the last moment she turned and said—

"Don't be alarmed for me, Mrs. Deal, I know what I am about; I am doing my duty, and God will take care of me." Then she went out into the wind, and snow, and darkness.

The train was late that night; they waited for nearly an hour at the depot. At last Samuel saw Janet safely on board, and then there was a hiss and a shriek that reminded Janet of the cry of a wild beast in rage and terror, and they swept off into the darkness. She looked around her; in the faint light a few heads showed themselves above the high seats. She was the only woman in that car.

She began to feel frightened. She tried to realize what she was doing. It all seemed like a dream. She rubbed her eyes and tried to wake up. Where was she going?—and for what? Would Wealthy Dana listen to her or believe her? Would Ralph Brainerd be there with his false heart and smooth tongue to swear that her story was all a foul lie? Poor Janet! her heart failed her; and then she remembered her last words to Mrs. Deal, that God would take care of her. She leaned up against that thought, as against a strong prop, her faltering soul. He, sitting in the calm and joy of Heaven, and looking down on her heart now, knew that her motives were right ones; she need not blush before His angels—she would not fear the face of man, though that man was Ralph Brainerd!

The cars plunged on through the awful night, the red lights glaring out wildly into the blackness. Janet's whole life rose up and passed before her. Little scenes and circumstances that she had forgotten, far down in her childhood, came back to her vivid and real, as though they had happened yesterday.

Now she was a very little girl playing at her

mother's knee, or puzzling her small head over the letters painted on the box of cards which she had been told was her father's last gift. And now, grown older, she was standing on tiptoe in a darkened room, and sobbing as though her heart would break as she looked down on the white, peaceful face there—the face which they told her would never smile on her any more—the one dear face in all the world for Janet Strong, and which they were to lay away under the grass in the dark and mould. She cries now with just the same feeling that she had then to think of it.

And now she has grown older still and works in the factory, and almost everybody has a pleasant word or a kindly smile for the little orphan, but no eyes ever look at her with the sad yearning of those eyes which have slept so long under the grass, and everywhere the little childish heart carries its vague sense of loss and loneliness.

Then a little later she has come, curious, wondering, and half bewildered, to the city. The strange, dreary days at Mrs. Kenneth's, where her heart went homesick for home and love, break over her again. And then that night comes back to her when she walked, sad and solitary, up and down Mrs. Kenneth's parlor, and Robert Crandall first met her. She lives through all the sweet flutter and pleasure of that time, through all the bliss of the days that followed, with the little vague doubt and uneasiness that crept through all, and that grew and grew until Janet found herself in the midst of that awful struggle, when angels and fiends might have contended for her. She lives over all that time again, that night with its doubt, its sharp anguish, its final decision.

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" cries out Janet, thinking of Margaret Ritter, but the rush of the train drowns her voice.

Then she wonders a little about Robert Crandall. How completely he filled her life once—how utterly he has gone out of it now! What has become of him? Despite the terrible wrong that he was tempted to do her, there was good in him. Has she changed so much in all these years? Would he know her now if she stood before him?

And, later, she has broken away from all these things, and is devouring her books in the country, toiling at her studies by night and by day, her highest ambition to become the teacher of the red district school-house. And a little later she has gained her desire, and sits before her desk in the long, low school-room, with its rows of bare benches, and its little and big

boys and girls, the larger part unkempt, coarse and obstreperous. And the hunger and the weariness are on her soul still.

And a little later all this has changed. She has left the barren little school-house and the tedious lessons forever. The new, pleasant, luxurious life has opened its doors to her. How easily she sinks into it. In a little while it seems natural. She can hardly realize, except occasionally, that she has not been surrounded by these things all her life.

She is not a hireling, she is a friend, treated always as an equal, and with a delicacy and kindness by her patrons which she never had dreamed of. And then she comes with a kind of shock into the present. She, Janet Strong, is sweeping on through the dead night all alone, seeking to rescue even at the altar the woman whom she loves best on earth, though she stands at the altar with her marriage vows on her lips.

How little Janet ever thought such a part would fall to her! And then she remembers how often she has felt in her hours of loneliness and heart-sickness, that she hardly had a right to live. She had said to herself sometimes that nobody in the world was better or happier because she was in it. No sweet home-loves or duties, no dear ties of family or relative were hers. But now, these thoughts rebuked her. If she saved Wealthy Dana from wedding this villain her life would not be in vain.

Ah, Wealthy Dana, the beautiful heiress, the accomplished, fascinating girl, had many friends among men and women, many who sounded her praises loudly and courted her society always, but amid all these there was not one heart so faithful, so loving, so steadfast as that of the little governess who was hurrying alone through the darkness to her rescue.

What a long night that seemed. Towards morning Janet fell into an uneasy sleep, and she did not awake until the train stopped at the depot from which the road she was to take branched off in another direction. It was quite light now. She felt tired and hungry, and ordered some refreshment at the little village restaurant, but she could not eat.

The fury of the storm was over now, though it still brooded black and sullen in the sky. The snow had drifted the roads. She had a dreary time waiting for the train. It was late in the morning before it appeared. Then there were frequent pauses at the villages among which the railroad skirted, so their progress was tantalizingly slow to Janet's impatience.

and the short November day was fading into night before she reached Dayton.

The old "Dana homestead" was built of gray stone and dated back nearly a century, but it had been carefully preserved by three generations of owners, as had also the general physiognomy of the grounds, and the fine old trees, and the wide sweep of grass reminded one in summer of some old English lawn. Janet scarcely, however, gave a glance at house or grounds as she alighted from the stage which she had taken at the depot.

Wealthy Dana sat alone by her chamber window in the twilight. Blissful visions of a future such as was never granted the heart of a woman to realize thronged her thoughts. And amidst them, in a half absent way, the young girl noticed a small figure heavily cloaked and veiled which came slowly, like one wearied with long travel up the walk, and she certainly would at another time have felt considerable curiosity about the face underneath the close veil.

It was a marvellous proof of Ralph Brainerd's magnetic power, that he had inspired such a woman with such fondness for him in three months' acquaintance; that in that time her heart had been won, her hand promised, and her wedding-day appointed close at hand. He knew perfectly well the character of his betrothed when he solicited a quiet and private wedding. Wealthy's nature was not one which took delight in parade and ostentation; and it was naturally more consonant with her feelings that her marriage should be celebrated under the old family roof; in a little circle of cherished friends, instead of in the city amid her crowds of gossiping acquaintance, with the pomp and ceremony which would be indispensable adjuncts there, and from which her soul shrank at this time.

"We can have our receptions and all that, aunt, when we return to the city," she said to Mrs. Winchester.

Mr. Brainerd had left Dayton the previous day on some business, and would not return at the earliest before to-morrow evening. Janet learned this before she entered the house, and—gave thanks to God! She went up alone to Miss Dana's room, the housemaid staring at the request, but politely directing her. There was a soft knock at Wealthy's door, and then it opened, and the heavily-cloaked figure entered and threw back its veil, and Janet Strong stood before Wealthy Dana. Had she dropped from the clouds at her feet the latter could not have been more amazed. That her joy equalled

her surprise none could have doubted who heard her cry as she sprang forward—

"But what does it all mean!" disengaging herself after the manner of a loving woman not usually prefigural of her caresses, and concentrating much fervor in these. "How have you come here, and where are Guy and Evelyn?"

"I came alone, Wealthy!"

"Alone—and through the storm of last night!"

"I believe I should have looked death in the face and braved him to get to you!"

At midnight these two girls sat alone together, and both faces were white as the dead. You had only to look at them to know that one had spoken and the other had listened. It was long, though, before Wealthy could be brought to hearken.

"I shall be Ralph Brainerd's wife in forty-eight hours," she said, with a kind of proud defiance to Janet, "and if it is any evil concerning him that you have come to tell me, as I see it is from your face, I have no right to listen to it saving in his presence, where you shall tell it, and where I know he can prove the whole a slander and a lie."

Worthy of a better man was loyalty like this. Janet made no answer. Was it all lost then—the long, weary journey, the struggle, the anxiety, the prayers by day and night. Must she go back as she had come with the loss of Wealthy's love, for she had snatched her hand away at the first word which touched her betrothed, and was regarding Janet with fierce defiance.

For a moment she bowed her face helplessly in her hands, and then Janet looked up again.

"But, Wealthy," she said, and her face was stern too, "before you send me away I claim my right to be heard—the right of one who only a few weeks ago saved the life of Ralph Brainerd!"

"Saved Ralph's life—my Ralph's!" fear, and tenderness, and amazement all at strife in her face. "What are you saying, Janet?"

"The truth, as before God. There was no escape for him—he must have been in his grave before this day if it had not been for me!"

There was no doubting Janet now. Wealthy laid both of her hands in her friend's, and the proud girl sobbed passionately—

"Yes, Janet, if you saved his life, you only of all the world have earned the right to say what you will."

And then Janet spoke. She talked now like

one inspired; as Guy Humphreys even had not heard her. There was more at stake now. And Wealthy sat with her strained eyes and her white face and listened. She told herself through all the story that it was a lie from beginning to end, not of course of Janet's making, but of some enemy of Ralph Brainerd's, and tried to steady her soul against that conviction; but sometimes, despite herself, a great wave of pity, or horror, or indignation would rush over her, as scene after scene in the sad drama fell from Janet's lips, and she would half forget that he who had wrought all this misery was her affianced husband, and find herself hating this other villain.

It was midnight and the story was over. The two girls sat there with white faces. I think at that moment Wealthy Dana hated Janet Strong. We are apt to recoil from those who bring us evil tidings, or occasion us great suffering, and it was terrible to break in upon the glowing visions of this affianced bride with such a story, for had a tithe of it been true to Wealthy Dana, she would have walked right down into her grave sooner than to her marriage with Ralph Brainerd. And she could neither comprehend nor regard all that Janet had done and suffered for her sake. She could only tell herself fiercely over and over again, that it was all a lie, that she did not and would not believe it. And this Janet saw in her face as she looked.

"You do not believe it?"

"No; did you think I would?" Her voice was steady and cold, but her eyes seemed flashes of living fire.

"I was afraid, and yet I thought when you came to hear my story and know, too, how far I have come, all alone for love of you, Wealthy, you would grant my request?"

"What is that?"

"That you will not see Ralph Brainerd until you do it in Guy Humphreys's presence. He will be here by day after to-morrow; and if all I have told you is false, surely Ralph Brainerd will be able to prove it to your relative, and his own friend and classmate."

"And I shall thus prove to him"—in a voice of stormy anger—"that the woman who has promised to be his wife day after to-morrow has not faith in his honor, and doubts whether he is not the blackest villain that breathes air! I thought you knew me better, Janet Strong."

"Well then, Wealthy, there is no more to be done," said Janet, with the slow tears of exhaustion and despair dripping down her cheeks. "I left home last night in the storm

and came here all alone because of my love for you, and because I would have given my life to save you from a union with this man. But it has done no good. I call God to witness that there is no more that I can do, and that I would have saved you. I shall go back to the depot and return home at once, as I made up my mind to if you would not listen to me. Good-by, Wealthy," and she walked to the door.

And just as she was closing it without one word from her friend, Wealthy's voice came to her faintly, with a little plea ringing in it—"Do not go, Janet." And Janet turned and looked at her. Her face was hard and pinched sitting there. The old tenderness but in a great tide over Janet's soul. She came back once more—

"Oh, Wealthy," she said, "I do not plead now in my own name nor in that of Guy Humphreys, nor even for the sake of your own happiness, but I plead in the name of your mother among the saints in Heaven, and I say only what I know that she, standing here would say to you now, 'Wait, my child, until Guy comes!'"

There was no answer, only Wealthy Dana shivered in the silence from head to foot. Janet closed the door. She carried her heavy heart down the stairs and through the hall; but as she reached the end of it, there was a sound of hurrying steps, and Wealthy Dana, with her deadly white face, stood at her side—

"Stay, Janet, and I promise you I will not see Ralph Brainerd until Guy comes."

And whatsoever Wealthy Dana promised that thing she would do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Decalcomanie.

Decalcomanie is the art of transferring, instantly, pictures to glass, china, wood, leather, silk and other fabrics. It is simple to perform, durable, and very effective. The designs are printed in colors, upon paper so prepared that, after they are cemented to the surface of the article intended to be decorated, by simply damping the back of the sheet of paper, it may be at once and entirely removed, and the finished work exactly resembles painting, nothing but the colored design remaining upon the work.

The requisite materials are:—1. Designs. 2. A bottle of prepared cement, 3. A bottle

of prepared varnish. 4. A bottle of detergent. 5. A roller. 6. A sable and two camel-hair pencils. 7. A sponge. 8. An ivory knife. 9. A pair of pincers. 10. A pair of scissors.

The directions are very simple; and, for the sake of illustration, we shall suppose that a white earthenware or porcelain plate is the object to be decorated. Take the design, and having cut off the larger portion of the margin of paper, pass over the colored design with a sable-hair pencil, a coating of the cement, which is of a transparent green color, being careful to cover the whole of the design; for if any portion is not cemented it will remain on the paper, instead of being transferred to the plate. The coating of the cement must be put on as thinly as possible; for the small portions, such as sprays of leaves, a fine pencil is best. When the cement has partially dried, or has become tacky, which will happen in five or ten minutes, place the cemented surface in the position you wish it to occupy on the plate; then press it well down with the roller (if you were decorating a curved surface, such as a vase, the ivory knife may be used for the purpose); then take a damp sponge, or cloth, and press well the back of the design; allow it to remain for a minute or two; then wet thoroughly the back of the design, and, with the pincers, raise the plain side of the paper, or, if the subject be large, raise the paper with the hand evenly and carefully. Now wash the picture which is transferred to the work as gently as possible with water and a camel-hair brush, to remove any soils; this done, carefully press the work with a piece of fine linen, slightly wetted, so as to absorb the water, and nearly dry the design; this prevents it from blistering, and causes the work to dry flat and evenly; roll it well, and then, after having left it at least one day, apply a coating of varnish, and the work is complete. If the foregoing directions are followed, success may be relied on. Should there be any design you wish to remove, or any spot of varnish accidentally dropped upon the article decorated, you can easily remove it by applying the detergent. Vases, trinket-stands, and other ornaments in white china, with or without a border of gold, tea and coffee services in china or earthenware, dessert services, flower-pots and boxes, candlesticks, urn and jug-stands, and many other china articles which have been made expressly for decoration by this art; white wood articles, straw dinner-mats, silk or cloth sofa cushions, scent-bags, slippers, hand-screens, ribbons, articles in ivory, book covers,—indeed it is

difficult to say what ornamental article may not thus be decorated, from the panels of a room to the tiny articles of a dressing-table.

To the house decorator this art offers a complete substitute for the costly process of hand-painting for panels of rooms, and other portions of his work which require artistic embellishment. As to the choice of subjects, of course that must be left to the individual taste. The variety is large, comprising flowers, birds, figures and landscapes, of all dimensions, and in every style—the beautiful products of Sevres, the works of modern artists, and inlaid woods.

The brushes are easily cleaned with a little of the detergent, as well as any accidental spots of the cement and varnish on the dress.

The Village Belle.

BY MAY REED.

She's graceful and airy,

Gentle as a fairy,

And proud as a queen!

A little bit haughty,

A little bit naughty,

Or, that is, I mean,

She's roguish and pettish,

Or, rather *coquetish*;

Once in a while,

While the love-light flashes

'Neath long drooping lashes,

She pouts with a smile!

She knows she's a beauty,

And thinks it's her duty

To dress sort o' gay;

Then with cheeks all blushes,

Her voice she half hushes,

And chatters away,

Of this, that, the other,

To one and another

Of her numerous beaus,

Who are ready to offer

The gold in their coffer,

But dare not propose.

She waltzes quite finely,

Schottisches divinely,

As one would suppose.

And such witching glances,

Like thrilling love-lances,

With her eyes she throws,

That a dozen or twenty,

And others a plenty,

In love have all fell!

And sadly they're sighing,

And say they're all dying,

For the Village Belle.

LAY SERMONS.

Hurting Ourselves.

We cannot do wrong to another without doing a greater wrong to ourselves. The evil doer always suffers a deeper and more lasting injury than the person against whom the evil is done. If, through fraud or violence, we take another's goods, by this very act we open the door of our spiritual treasure-house and let in thieves and robbers, who despoil us of far more precious things than we have, in our wrong deeds, acquired. Neighborly good-will, honor, integrity—all these are lost, and in their stead we have only worldly and material things that perish in the using.

And what is true of fraud and violence, is true of every other form of evil. We cannot hurt our neighbor in even the smallest thing, wilfully, without a deeper hurt to ourselves.

If my neighbor, Mrs. Newgate, who is a church member and communicant, had clearly understood this first lesson in spiritual philosophy, and, understanding, had given heed thereto, how different a woman might she not have been to-day. If she had searched for the good in others, and taken delight therein, instead of looking always on the darker side of their lives, and magnifying faults and peculiarities into social crimes, how different would have been her interior growth. Unhappily, Mrs. Newgate, though a religious woman by profession, has indulged for many a years a spirit of criticism and fault-finding. If she tells you of the good quality of a friend or neighbor, the sentences are sure to close with something that depreciates and mars all the good she has related. That she is hurting herself far more than her neighbors on the very plane of life on which she seeks to hurt them, is evident from the low estimate in which she is held by even her nearest associates, who see the weak and bad side of her character; but the fearful injury she is inflicting upon herself lies in the gradual but too sure extinguishment of that neighborly love which makes the very life of heaven.

There is the Rev. Mr. Earnest—loyal to the doctrines of his church as he understands them; liberal towards all denominations, and recognising the good in all; against shams and cliques, especially in the church; apt to call things by their right names; a man of Christian integrity—useful, broad, generous. But Mr. Earnest, in his straightforward, manly way of speaking and doing, troubles staid conservatism—questions the truth of certain opinions that have been settled by prescription—breaks through time-honored limitations, and disturbs sorely the peace of those who have built a wall about Zion, and in human conceit and weakness vainly attempted to establish its boundaries.

All this is very bad. Mr. Earnest is a disturber of the church, and must be put down or got rid of. Putting him down does not prove an easy matter; for, being ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him, the lovers of truth and free thought soon begin to come over upon his side. Then follows a pause. The Management snuffs danger. In the open field of controversy, it will be no match for Mr. Earnest; but in secret, holding in its hands the powerful advantage of position and the whole machinery of ecclesiastical organization, it may be too strong for him.

So the Management retires from open discussion, and rallies its strength in secret. It works in the dark to destroy the influence of Mr. Earnest. Gradually he finds himself losing ground. There is a power against him whose hand he does not see. Time was when they gave him much active work in the larger church organizations. But now he is ruled out, and weaker and meaner men put in his place. With painful solicitude, he sees the field in which he loves to labor for the good of human souls gradually growing smaller and smaller. If he will debase his manhood—if he will give up his free thought—if he will lay his reason in the dust, and let another trample upon it, the door of fellowship will again be opened. But, as a true man, he cannot do this. And so, while professing love for the church, men, acting in the name of our Father, do all in their power to silence and destroy the usefulness of a brother, against whose moral and religious life not a syllable can be uttered—nay, nor even against his soundness in doctrine—and all because he cannot see in non-essentials in everything as they see, or will persist in brushing off the dust and cobwebs from the windows of God's temple that clearer light may flow in.

Ah! in all this wrong—doubly wrong because done in the name of religion, and veiled by the mantle of Christian character—no one is hurt so little as Mr. Earnest. If he be indeed a true lover of the church—if he be faithful to the light sent down from above—trial, hindrance, and humiliation, will only make him purer and stronger, and more fitted for the higher sphere of usefulness to which God will surely call him. The hurt is not with him, but with those who from narrow, selfish and bigoted states forbade him to cast out devils because he did not go with them. The loss is not with him, but with the hungry and thirsty souls to whom he would have broken bread and given wine to drink—with the sheep whom, obedient to his Master, he would have led into green pastures and beside still waters.

And is not theirs, who so hinder him in the work God has committed to his hands; who hedge up his way; who covertly say evil things against him in

order to destroy his influence, a most fearful responsibility? Can they do such things, and not suffer in their own souls? Ah, the hurt and the loss are indeed with them!

We cannot bring this thought too distinctly before our minds; that in every attempt to harm another we work a deeper injury to ourselves. The germ of retribution is concealed in every wrong act, and will surely be quickened into life, spring up, and produce bitter fruit. The spiritual law of consequences works as surely as any law of the natural

world; and when we have once put evil forces in motion, we cannot stop their progression. In some way we will be hurt. Happy for us if that hurt be unto repentance.

We might go on specifying cases—might give stronger instances of the law of retribution—but every thoughtful and observant reader will find in his own life and experience, and in the lives and experiences of those around him, abundant illustration, more telling and instructive than we can possibly give.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Frightening Children.

BY J.

If a servant persists in telling your little child fearful stories of ghosts, or murderers, or haunted houses, after you have forbidden it, discharge her a great deal sooner than you would a thief. She could not do half as much mischief if she only took your temporal goods. Make it one of the first conditions on engaging a new nurse-maid that she shall never repeat such tales to your children. A mother can hardly be too particular upon this point. Children are fascinated by such recitals, and the minds of the ignorant are overloaded with them, but a diseased imagination is sure to be the result. The organization of a child's mind is as delicate as that of its body, and as easily injured. I shall never forget the quaking terror which used to come over me after listening to the story of a "haunted house" I had begged to hear. When about five or six years old I dare not even walk about the well-lighted family-room when all were sitting together around the bright evening fireside. And oh, the terror of darkness, when I went to bed. The influence of the nursery tales I listened to in those early years, have followed me like a great black shadow all my life, and I cannot shake it off.

Addison states, "I have seen a soldier who has fearlessly entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, turn pale at a little scratching on his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon." So much for nursery training. The same writer adds, "I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience."

If there is anything for which a mother should put on sackcloth and ashes and mourn all her life, it should be for having punished a child by placing him in a dark cellar or closet where his fears were designed to be a part of the punishment. Such a mother does not deserve the holy name. An impaired intellect for life is the least of

the evils she has reason to anticipate as the result of such a proceeding. Scarcely worse are the recorded instances of children being frightened to death.

Home Pleasures.

BY J. E. M'C.

If you wish to keep your own heart fresh, and your children bright and cheerful, provide an abundance of home amusements, in which you freely participate. There is nothing which gives such a zest to the enjoyment of right-minded children as the coöperation and sympathy of a loving mother, in all their pleasures.

One of the most agreeable of home pastimes is the cultivation of the soil, either for simply ornamental purposes, or for the lighter table luxuries. Even a very limited space may be made to yield large incomes of health and happiness even if no other result is attained. This is certainly the most valuable end to be gained, as money could buy all the other products, but no ship ever came into port with a cargo of these precious treasures. No money can buy sweet content, or even the comforts of sound health. What an interest the little people take in watching for the first dawn of the little plant-life as it breaks through the damp, black mould, and how joyfully the advent of each is hailed and announced.

Winter need not be without these simple enjoyments. A box of rich earth covered with a hot-house box made of five panes of glass, and filled with choice little plants and delicate mosses, will afford a world of delight to the household, when the snow lies deep and no green thing is seen without. Let mother accompany the children in their rambles after these woodland treasures, and she will find her own heart lightened by the pleasure, while her children's interest and enjoyment is increased ten-fold.

A little home cabinet is often made the source of

lasting enjoyment and improvement to the children of a family. I once saw such an one in a family sitting-room, which was arranged and filled almost entirely by the efforts of two young lads. It had glass doors to protect the articles from dust, and the treasures it contained were dearer than gold to the boys. It abounded in shells, minerals, curious specimens of mosses, last year's birds' nests, chrysalis, teaching them many a useful lesson in natural science, and affording them an ever new delight.

If the gift of song has been given to your household, use it without measure. It is a virtue to be prodigal here. If your daughter receives the gift of an instrument, let it be well understood that the family are all to be sharers in the enjoyment it affords. That it is not a company but a home piano.

Seek to make home the brightest spot on earth for your household, and it will throw about them a spell which shall keep them from a thousand snares, and your bosom from a thousand sorrows.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Insect World.

BY J. E. M'C.

Children, did you ever think much about the wonderful world of insects, which live and move and have their being all around you? Every little rosebush in your garden, every ripple of the little brook, every little zephyr of summer has its freight of these tiny lifelets, and a very happy life they would seem to lead.

"Imagine," says a writer, "what fun it must be to tuck yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and fall too and eat your bed-clothes."

What king ever built a palace to equal a lily cup, with its pillars of silver, its capitals of gold, and its walls of alabaster, while over all the most delicate perfume is exhaled from a never failing center. Truly the minutest of God's creatures have abodes fitted up for them surpassing anything the art of man can produce.

It is a very curious study to watch their habits and movements, and it will well repay very careful attention. Even the common spider, unattractive as it is usually regarded, is not beneath our notice. See how curiously

"He weaves his cunning web
In a little corner sly"—

spinning it out from four thousand little pores, and yet uniting them all in one gossamer line. How securely he attaches his tiny thread to some rough point in the apparently smooth ceiling, and lets himself down as lightly as a fairy. How vigilantly he watches in his little secret chamber for the unwary fly, his natural food. Do not blame him, my kind little girl. He is far more excusable than those boys who fish merely for sport. God designed this way for him to take his food; and in any case an animal cannot sin, for God has not given it a soul as he has you. Whenever you are tempted to

get vexed with an unreasoning animal, check yourself with the thought that "God has made him so," and it is all right. Even the little busy flies, which we are apt to think such great pests in summertime, are of vast service to us. A season when there are scarcely any flies is almost sure to be a sickly one. They are most useful little scavengers, street cleaners and house-cleaners. If a speck of animal or vegetable matter is left around, how quickly a score of flies assemble and take up all its moisture. Insignificant as the instrument may seem, we are largely indebted to this little scavenger for removing a great deal that is offensive and unhealthy. Even the smallest of God's works show forth His wisdom and kindness to the children of men.

Long Life.

Long life is one of God's gifts to us, and a precious one it is, if we can preserve our health and faculties down to old age. There are some boys and girls I never expect to see grow up to a happy old age. And foremost among them are those who are careless and reckless with regard to their health—who are intemperate in their habits of eating and drinking. A boy who poisons his system with tobacco, and the girl who disregards her mother's counsels by wearing thin shoes and improper clothing in cold weather, are quite sure not to belong to this class.

Those who give way to frequent bursts of passionate temper very rarely live to old age. If they are exceptions to the general rule, they are so unlovely and unloved, that life is but a burden to themselves and all about them. It is found that the Society of Friends in England are the longest lived of any class in the community, which speaks much for their gentle, orderly manners and habits of life. Indeed a violent outbreak of temper pulls down the system almost like a fever. "I never got real angry," said a most placid old lady to me, "without being really sick afterwards."

If you wish to live long, be temperate in mind and body. Be prudent with regard to your health. Rise early. All long-lived people, without exception I think, have been noted for this. Take an abundance of vigorous exercise in the open air, in all sorts of weather, taking care that the person is suitably protected. Be usefully employed through all your waking hours, and take pains to cultivate a cheerful, affectionate disposition, which will make

your own life blessed and endear your society to all your associates. Do not forget the first commandment with promise, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ungrateful, disobedient children are often cut off in a most marked and untimely manner. Oh, remember this when you are tempted to disobey their kind commands.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

The Teeth.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Not only the teeth of adults decay, become painful, and have to be extracted, but those of very young children often appear diseased.

It is well known that artificial teeth, however nicely and mechanically arranged, cannot equal in health and usefulness good natural ones; hence, it is of great importance that all should understand the nature and means of the healthful preservation of natural teeth.

Phosphate of lime, the substance of which they are composed, should be supplied in the food we eat. A diet of white wheat bread, strong tea or coffee, meats, cakes, pies, and sweetmeats, generate noxious acids, which poison the gastric and other secretions, so that nature is unable, for want of proper materials, to make sound dense teeth and bones, or healthful muscle or fibre.

The people of Europe feed their children upon unboltered wheat, rye, or oats, in the form of bread or porridge. One dish at a meal in the palace or cabin, and no meat till the tenth year, and sound teeth, healthful and strong constitutions, are thus formed.

A diet which produces unsound teeth, produces many other diseases, rendering the vital powers of children so weak that they become an easy prey to all prevailing epidemics. Thousands of Christian parents so dress and feed their children, that it is impossible for them to arrive to mature years. This arises from a lack of proper knowledge of the laws of life and the best means of securing health. It has formerly been thought sufficient for physicians to understand disease and the remedies therefor; hence the great suffering and many early deaths, resulting from irremediable violations of natural laws.

If people would learn more of the human organism and the laws to which it is subject, much suffering might be avoided, better health of body and mind enjoyed, peace, quiet and plenty more universally diffused.

How often communities are overwhelmed with sorrow and surprise at the sudden death of some esteemed, useful and learned person.

Many esteemed, useful and learned individuals

live in daily violation of natural laws. So many other subjects have engrossed their attention that they have given no special attention to the human system. This is a great physical and moral evil that ought to be remedied. More physiological information ought to be blended with all public reading. Physiological writers ought to be more generally employed by the press, and so remunerated that they might be able to devote such attentions to these subjects as to arouse and enlighten the whole public mind to an effectual and healthful change of habits.

Little children with decayed and painful teeth! Do we not often see them among American children? Is there not a cause for this early defect or destruction of the teeth? Is not this subject of sufficient importance to arouse the attention of parents to the investigation of the true cause and its removal?

Nature covers a healthy tooth with a smooth, glossy enamel. This enamel protects the tooth from decay so long as it remains unbroken in all its parts; but acids and alkalies so act upon all bones, not excepting the teeth, as to cause a great chemical change in their nature. The enamel of the teeth is often injured or broken by biting off thread or other hard substances. The chewing of gum, tobacco, or any other substance that increases saliva, injures the teeth, weakening the salivary glands by excessive stimulation to action that they cannot properly nourish the teeth as nature intended them to.

The filing of teeth, as has sometimes been done by ignorant dentists, will soon cause their decay by breaking the enamel. Filing teeth, when much decayed, often proves injurious to the eyes, sometimes causing severe pain, inflammation, or great weakness. By thus suddenly arresting the discharge from a diseased tooth, the sight or hearing is affected.

Dentists who offer their services to the public ought to understand the construction of the human system, and the natural laws to which it is subject, no less than the teeth. No mercenary motives should induce them to operate upon a tooth to its injury, or to the injury of its possessor's health in other respects.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO SELECT NUTMEGS, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Let them boil for one minute and they will keep good for a month, or steeped in sweet oil for a short time, and they will keep good for a long while.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth; dip your fruit in it; then roll it in white sifted sugar candy; when quite dry place the fruit in a stove to be very slowly dried. Or you may dry your fruit first, then dip it in white of egg, and then dust it with white sugar, or sugar-candy, finally drying it off.

SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into an hogshead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

POTATO DUMPLINGS.—Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions, and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

TO CLEAN AND CURL WHITE AND COLORED OSTRICH FEATHERS.—White soap must be used (curd will answer best), cut into small pieces, upon which boiling water should be poured until it be quite dissolved, a small quantity of pearlash being added. When the lather has sufficiently cooled for the hand to bear its temperature, the feathers may be drawn through it. This should be repeated several times, and the feathers gently pressed with the hand, or carefully passed between the fingers a few

times, so that the dirt may be squeezed out of them. Another lather containing less soap must now be prepared, and used in the same manner. On removing the feathers from this, they should be well rinsed in cold water, and the water taken from them by beating them against the hand or a clean cloth, and then waving them backwards and forwards in the air at a short distance from a fire. Before they are quite dry, with a penknife curl each fibre separately, by drawing it carefully over the edge of the blade, which should be a blunt one.

If it be wished that the feather should be flat, it may be pressed in drying after the curl is given to the *shy* part. This process may be used for white feathers, and also for fawn-colored or brown. Black ones may be cleaned with water, adding to it some gall, and following the above directions in all other respects. Feathers of brighter colors cannot be cleaned, but must be re-dipped, as they usually fade very much by exposure to the sun.

TO PREPARE FEATHERS, AND TO MOUNT THEM FOR HAND-SCREENS.—Feathers to be used for screens, will require no preparation, as being removed from the skin of the bird, they will be quite ready for use. A piece of common pasteboard must be cut into the shape preferred (round, oval, or leaf-shaped is the most effective), and bound at the edge with silk of the same color as the back of the screen is intended to be composed of. The little downy tuft on the quill of each feather must be removed, and the feathers sewn down to the pasteboard by the quill arranging them according to taste. It is desirable to cut the quills, leaving only sufficient length to fix them by, in order to prevent the thickness which their accumulation would cause if left very long. A layer of peacocks' feathers makes a pretty fringed border for the outer row. In a pair of screens, I have seen one with these for the outside row, and the other with swans' feathers, both of which well show off the mixed feathers, forming the centre of the screens. To finish them, a piece of pasteboard must be cut exactly to fit that on which the feathers are sewn, and having been covered with silk, must be pasted on at the back. This will be found better than sewing, as the stitches would make a very thick edge. Ivory handles or wooden ones, if preferred, can be fixed on without difficulty when the screen is quite completed.

TO REMOVE A SCREW RUSTED IN THE WOOD.—Heat a poker in the fire red-hot, and put it on the top of the screw for a minute or two; then take the screw-driver, and you will easily get it out, if you do it whilst it is warm.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

Fashions.

One of the most striking features of the toilette at present is the "coiffure," on which the ladies, young and old, are bestowing an unusual amount of attention. Gradually our belles are returning to the eccentricities of their great-grandmothers in the arrangement of the hair, adopting the high rolls and immense puffs upon the top of the head, although the tresses still fall low at the back. Until quite recently, the skilful fingers of the hair-dresser have been considered indispensable to these elaborate arrangements, and the style has been preserved chiefly for evening wear; but now it is adopted almost exclusively for home and street toilettes also, and the mysteries of the dressing-table are more bewildering than ever to the uninitiated, to whom the words "rats," "mice," "cataracts," "waterfalls," are suggestive of developments of Nature, and not of artificial, fairy creations, for the adornment of the female head. In our last number we gave plates, with descriptions, of some of the prettiest of the present styles. For indoor wear the hair is waved with crimping-pins, and worn over very high rolls at the front of the head. Under a bonnet it is dressed lower, falling on the nape of the neck at the back, leaving the ears perfectly bare. This arrangement suits the new shape of bonnet which is rapidly coming into favor. In order to keep the hair at the back neat and in good order under these small bonnets when out of doors, we should recommend it to be encased in the invisible net, otherwise what with the friction of the bonnet, shawl, and collar, which must one and all inevitably come in contact with this mass of frizette and hair, there is but small chance of neatness, and both bandoline and fixateur are rendered unavailing. The net, on the contrary, without being apparent, or in any way hiding the hair, prevents the locks from straying from their wonted places, and assists in maintaining order and smoothness, which in the case of hair is a desirable result, and always more pleasing than untidiness and roughness. But a frizzed effect about the head seems the object aimed at by many ladies in the present day. Little girls are still wearing their tresses loose and unrestrained, no matter what lengthy proportions they (the tresses) have attained. For children this careless, unstudied style is pleasing, and we are always tempted to stroke their flowing, wavy hair, which the wind toys with so familiarly, and which is tossed to and fro as their owners run and frolic in the open air. But with grown people it is different; their hair should be as neat as comb and brush can make it;

rough curls, and rough bandeaux, and loose locks, never produce, in their case, anything but an untidy impression.

Basques to both high and low bodices are now fast gaining ground; there was at first an outcry raised and a great prejudice felt against this revival of an old fashion; but reconciliation may now be said to have taken place, and we see around us basques of all forms and dimensions, single ones, double ones, and frequently of late even treble ones. They are always trimmed to correspond with the skirt and sleeves, and frequently the trimming is carried up the front of the bodice to simulate a waistcoat. In this case the bodice is always cut in front with what is called a "waistcoat point," which means that the bodice only fastens to within two inches of the point, thus leaving the points to diverge slightly.

Much is said in the London and Paris papers about white alpacas, which are trimmed in various ways—either plainly or gayly—for morning or evening wear, and seem to have met with great favor. We have seen but one or two as yet, the one trimmed with black velvet, the other with bands of blue taffetas. Both were very handsome.

Lace sashes are again introduced, and are much in favor, as they are so appropriate for dressy toilettes. They are very wide, and are worn both with silk and muslin dresses; with the latter they are sometimes lined with taffetas, but this is not compulsory.

The Marie Stuart bonnets, the fronts of which are lowered with a point upon the centre of the forehead, are worn by a few eccentric ladies belonging to the fashionable world; but they are only to be seen in carriages. For the past three years various attempts have been made to introduce this form, and hitherto with but little success. Those ladies who patronize the Marie Stuart bonnets wear upon the front or peak two falling *aigrettes*, two tufts of golden pheasant's feathers, or two sprays of bell-like flowers, such as lilies of the valley, campanulas, &c. We must acknowledge that the Marie Stuart is much more becoming than that caricature for a bonnet which we have been wearing during the last three years, but still do not predict that it will be universally adopted until next year. The curtains, which have diminished in size, are made of crepe or of blonde for dress bonnets, and of velvet for *negligé* bonnets. Straw embroidered upon velvet, and light cords of straw fastening together different flowers, is a pretty style of trimming. Fringes are very general around the fronts of bonnets, some of jet, others of chenille or of small balls of straw.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON. By Anthony Trollope. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

An entertaining novel, concerning scenes in English domestic life. It is written somewhat after the Dickens and Thackeray style; contains no deep laid, elaborate plot, but is an easy, natural development of ordinary adventures, forming an exceedingly interesting and fascinating work.

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We opened the book with a feeling of pleasure from its attractive title, but which passed into a shrug of disappointment when we learned it was a "memoir," for there came to us a vivid remembrance of childhood's days, when our Sunday reading was restricted to "memoirs" of sickly children, who never felt any temptation to do wrong, lived unnatural, precious lives for a brief period of years, and then left disconsolate parents to parade their grief in a stupid book, designed for the especial annoyance of little children. We were at the last very agreeably disappointed, however. The work is a pleasantly written tribute of a loving sister to the dead, consisting mostly of extracts from the private journal of the deceased, in which there is little that is forced or unnatural, but which is a childish, girlish, womanly, always easy, oft-times spicy account of the events of what seem indeed to have been—*Nineteen Beautiful Years.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION. By H. J. Raymond. New York: *Derby & Miller.*

This is practically a campaign document for the forthcoming presidential contest, sustaining Mr. Lincoln in his policy of the past three years, with a careful history of all the facts relating to the same. The book opens with a short preliminary sketch of the life of the far-famed "Rail-splitter," contains all the important public documents of his administration, and brings up in fresh review the startling events which have occurred under it, down to April 1st, 1864.

THE MAINE WOODS. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: *Ticknor & Co.*

A series of three papers entitled, respectively, *Kataadn, Chesuncook, and The Allegash and East Branch.* The first two of these have been previously published, one in *The Union Magazine*, the other, several years later, in the *Atlantic Monthly.* These form a very interesting journal of explorations in those "dim, mysterious" regions of pine forests, lakes and swamps, hitherto almost un-

known save to the Indians who inhabit them, the lumbermen employed upon the extensive timber lands, and the occasional tourist in quest of new adventure.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: *Carleton.*

The novel reading public will eagerly welcome a new work from the authoress of "*Lena Rivers*" and "*Tempest and Sunshine.*" The plot of "*Darkness and Daylight*" is intricate, and develops in the heroic style. "The course of true love" follows its proverbial, devious, and rocky channel; the fog of mystery envelops all until the last chapter, when it suddenly lightens up to let in the sunlight upon the inevitable wedding, after which the imaginative reader must "guess the rest." It is a very entertaining novel, and will no doubt have wide circulation.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* Edinburgh: *W. & R. Chambers.*

Part XXVI. completes this curious and instructive work, which makes two large octavo volumes, double columns, of over eight hundred pages each. The accompanying index of fifty pages is very full. As a repository of popular antiquities connected with the calendar, including anecdote, biography and history, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character, "*The Book of Days*" must always be regarded as a valuable and entertaining addition to every good library.

SEVEN STORIES, WITH BASEMENT AND ATTIC. By the Author of "*My Farm of Edgewood.*" New York: *Charles Scribner.*

The author of "*Reveries*" and "*Dream Life,*" comes to us this time in the old spirit, and with his exquisite blendings of pathos and humor. His volume is made up of seven stories, in which fancy and fact are united with that grace and fluency for which he is so distinguished. It is a charming summer book.

In the words of the *American Literary Gazette,* let us add: "When he tells us in his Dedictory Letter that he counts this book only a little bundle of fagots which he has set to crack away under the kettle, where he hopes some day to cook a more savory mess, we can assure him that he will be held to the fulfilment of this intimation of good things to come. He must not give us the word of promise, and then break it. The hope he now expresses must be one to which both he and his many readers may hereafter revert as one that maketh not ashamed. We should regret very much to see Mr.

Mitchell lapse into the prevailing fault of American writers—fragmentariness. Let him concentrate himself upon something, as he intimates he is doing, and then we shall receive an abiding addition to our literature."

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers, we have two English novels of more than ordinary excellence: "*Sabara's History*," and "*Annis Warleigh's Fortune*," by the author of "*Sylvan Holt's Daughter*." Take them to the sea shore or the country, as pleasant companions for leisure hours.

NOTES OF HOSPITAL LIFE, from November, 1861, to August, 1863. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The graceful introduction of Bishop Potter to these notes of Hospital Life in Philadelphia, says not a word too much in their favor. After reading through the volume with unflagging interest, we turn again to the Bishop's endorsement, and feel how true was his estimation of the writer when he says of her, that with "a heart alive to the wants and wretchedness of the sick and wounded, she joins discomfiment of the mighty questions involved. She sees, with exquisite relish, the picturesque in character and incident; she has an eye, too, for the deep wealth of affection and generous sympathy that lie embedded in the roughest natures—for the flashes of merriment and drollery which lighten up

the darkest scenes—for the delicate tastes and noble sentiments that often possess those whose hands have been hardened by toil, and whose minds (in the judgment of too many) must needs have been debased by habitual contact with vulgar pursuits. * * * * * These pages are instinct with faith in God and in our people; with hope for the future; and a charity that faileth not."

OUT IN THE WORLD. A Novel. By. T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton.

It is for us only to announce the publication of this volume, and to say, that it has been written earnestly, and with the effort to picture with all possible vividness some of the sad consequences that are sure to follow the separation, without legitimate cause, of married partners.

STUMBLING BLOCKS. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A more serious book than "*Gala-Days*," as the title indicates; yet showing all the author's peculiarly strong points of character. It is a glance at life on the religious side, and deals with pious shams, and time-honored fallacies, with no very large respect. It treats but little of technical theology, but is full of every-day, common sense religion. Get "*Stumbling Blocks*" and read it. You will find the investment both of money and time, profitable.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Great Central Fair.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Two months ago we wrote to you concerning the great New York Fair, which, for grandeur and beauty, we, in our innocence, at that time imagined could never be surpassed; but Philadelphia took up the challenge to excel, so vauntingly given by the great metropolis, bent her shoulders to the task, and has at last won the victory, while Gotham can but gracefully acknowledge her undoubted defeat. The superiority of the latter over the former consisted not so much in actual advantage either in quantity or value of articles exhibited or sold, as in the perfect system pervading the arrangements in this city, and the complete adaptedness of the temporary buildings in which it was held to the purpose for which they were erected. The enterprise in either city partook largely of the distinctive characteristics of the metropolis to which it belonged. In New York, the crowd daily thronging was little less than a mob, a surging, restless mass of humanity, jostling, crowding, pushing, amidst the seeming indiscriminate mixture of

worsted work and flowers. Here, throughout the whole, one could trace the quiet, methodical, orderly, checker-board precision of the Quaker City.

We were early at the scene of action, in fact before the buildings were fairly inaugurated, and thus caught a passing glimpse of the Fair in all its pristine beauty and freshness, ere yet the "vulgar gaze" had rested on it, and while the dainty creations which loaded the tables were still uncontaminated by contact with the bargain-seeking public. And we went often later, when the great human tide had forced a passage through the outer gates, and ebbcd and flowed in continuous waves up and down the long corridors, rested beside the plashing fountains, and turned the bewitching fairy-land into a huge bazaar. The scene presented was at all times gorgeous beyond description. The great Central Union Avenue, and all others diverging in every direction, were thickly draped, high up in vaulted arch and along the sides, with the national colors—red, white, and blue. Banners of every State, and flags innumerable, adorned the walls; loaded tables stretched away on every hand; evergreens and flowers graced each nook and corner;

and beautiful girls, with bright, smiling, happy faces, reigned supreme over all.

Time would fail us to tell of the wonders to be seen and the treasures to be bought at the Great Fair; of the endless creations in knitting and crochet work, such as afghans, baby blankets, nubbies, tidies, hoods, veils, socks, sacques, shawls; for the feminine fingers have multiplied wonders in this line, until a woman may almost clothe herself from head to foot in worsted garments of her own manufacture. There were fancy articles—toilette jars, baskets, perfumery, statuettes, carvings, *étagères*—innumerable. There were things useful, too—canes, umbrellas, parasols, bedquills, bonnets, hats, needle-books, pincushions, in the measureless quantity always found at fairs, ranging from the "bachelor" variety, made in the suggestive form of two pierced hearts, to the huge lumpy affair, so large as to be useless for any practical purpose, and turned off at last upon the shoulders of the unfortunate raffer; dry goods, purchasable by the yard or piece; groceries by the pound, barrel, or hoghead; vehicles of every description, from a baby's coach to a milk-wagon; while the hardware and machinery department displayed iron in its never-ending, surprising adaptations, ranging from a dainty nut-pick to a ponderous engine. There was food for the curious in the relics of the Penn Parlor, the Curiosity Shop, the Department of Arms and Trophies, and the Old Dutch Kitchen; food for the literary in the numerous volumes of traditionary and recent merit; food for the æsthetic taste in the beautiful works of art; and abundant food for the physical taste in the handsome refreshment.

"Everybody" was there. Pater-familias, with John Rogers's delegation of olive plants clinging to his coat-skirts, in his domestic devotion no less a martyr than the old hero of Smithfield memory; the gallant soldier of the Pennsylvania "Reserves," fresh from the war, in rusty blue and tarnished brass, the perils of the fearful past forgotten in the delight of the present, as he plied his blushing dulcinea with bon-bons and confections. At a refreshment-table set a pulpit hero of much celebrity, and over his spotless neck-tie he complacently viewed the tempting viands, as though temporal delicacies might not prove wholly unacceptable to the higher lights of spiritual things. And our rustic friends were there—those dear, simple, good-natured people, who send us such d-lightful butter and fresh eggs and winter vegetables from their country home, where we go for a few weeks every year in the summer time, to eat strawberry shortcake and regale ourselves on home-made beer, and whom we invite down to the city on the occasion of Fourth of July celebrations, or to the Great Fair, where in the rushing crowd the "country air" will not be too apparent—then they were, sturdy John and Dutch Katrina, confused and delighted, eyes, ears and mouth set wide open like a trap, to speedily take in and devour every fresh object of wonder or

of interest. And on Saturday the children were there. Provided at the public schools with tickets of admission, the little urchins thronged the place on their weekly holiday, drank in the rich beauties of the scene, and filled themselves with subjects of thought, and speculation, and of reminiscence, in the years to come. The grab-bags seemed to be the especial delight of the little fraternity, perhaps because it was one of the few indulgences which came within the limit of their means. "Crickey," exclaimed a dilapidated little specimen of humanity, as the investment of all his funds made him but the poor return of a j-inted doll, "it's too bad, I aint a girl;" but he bore the disappointment philosophically, and ere many minutes had "traded even" with a little blue-eyed damsel for a humming-top, a whistle, a penny, and a button. But in the Art Gallery especially did each man "stand confessed," and reveal at once his true nature and belongings. Towards sunset, hither came Pater-familias, and an expression of relief already dawned upon his face as he felt that the day of servitude was nearly over. Around the gallery he went with lengthy strides, nor gave the little ones a chance to look at the ugly Herod, over which, like avenging spirits, a multitude of babies crept; nor yet to watch for a moment the dear downy little chickens, which seemed about to "peep" from their gilded frames, so true to life were they; or at the sheep and lambs, put upon the canvas as only a Verboekhoven could have done it. Our clerical friend talked learnedly with a brother, of which we only caught the words "præraphælite," "harmony," and "tone," while we were amused at our teutonic party, who, having "done" in silent amazement the gallery, brought up at last before the picture of the "Northmen at Vinland," which was, after much discussion, decided to represent Indians carrying off a white woman. Numbers there were who sat enrapt for hours over the beauteous gems of art collected here—at the poet-painter's Undine, the creature half human, half a mist, the water sprite dissolving into a trickling rill when startled by a stranger footstep, Weber's Monastery, with its glassy lake and rainbow arch; Bierstadt's dreamy "Scene in the Rocky Mountains;" Hicks's superb "Booth as Iago;" and the numbers of other rare creations of those embodiments of genius, known to the world as Read, Kensett, Gifford, Huntington, Church, Gignoux, Hamilton, Rothermel, and Leutsa.

Of that great panoramic scene, The Fair by Gaslight, we have now no time to speak—of the fountain playing mid its jets of fire; the beautiful aquatic plants upon its surface; the verdant pyramid, from which issued strains of most delightful music; the brilliant flowers, which bloomed in rich profusion on every side; of the thousands who came and went, acting their brief part in the transient drama—for all is passed forever now, and the Great Central Fair is reckoned in the long list of the glorious realities which were, but are not.

M. E. E.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

I know long ago a little girl who used to every night after she had said "Our Father who art in Heaven," and "Now I lay me down to sleep" had slipped its sweet twin couplets through her childish voice, to add a petition that she and those dearest to her might "not die until they were more than a hundred years old."

A little child's prayer, so simple and earnest that the angels it seems to me may have smiled over it, half in love, half in pity. For to this little girl life was very sweet, and to her childish fancy a hundred years was like eternity.

That long, long path, up through childhood, and out through youth, and across the table-lands of middle life, and down into the chill and dimness of old age, placed Heaven such a very long way off.

And so the prayer interpreted itself as the small petitioner little suspected. She wanted to get to Heaven, but she preferred staying here as long as possible. Life was sweet, and hope was strong in the little warm child-heart; and Heaven—oh, dear! such a big, vague, dark, dreadfully good place as it was, while perhaps some vague ideas of singing hymns relieved a little the notion of its stern, still, solemn, Sunday-go-to-meeting aspect.

And this world was an actual, living, vital thing to the child. Here was the blue sky, and the trees in which the birds sang, and the soft young grass where she searched for the clover and dandelion blossoms, and the dear laughing sunshine. Of course, Heaven was to be desired above all other things. I bear witness that this child wanted, with all her little heart and soul, to get there; but then—but then—she wanted to be a hundred years on the way!

Dear reader, I think we are many of us like this child—not much wiser—not much clearer in our ideas and feelings. We do not pray that we may live a hundred years for ourselves, or those whom we love; but after all, we do not oftenest speak as though the best thing which could happen to them or us, would be to die, if dying meant "going to Heaven."

I do not believe it is safest or wisest to dwell oftenest on that other side of death, from which all life must of necessity shrink frightened and appalled. The grave, with its eternal stillness, and darkness, and mould, can never be

— "lonely
Unto the eye of life."

But that is only one side—the narrow, material one. It is not that death with which we have most to do. And from my inmost heart I pity the little children who are brought up with no pleasant, ennobling thoughts or associations regarding death—whose young imaginations seize fast hold of

and retain all that is gloomy, and chilling, and terrible in the thought.

The path for them from earth to Heaven may be a very short one. Is it wrong to teach them that the great Father, who has covered the earth with joy, and praise, and beauty, has doubtless made fairer that new home into which no sin shall ever enter? Shall not its pure life be as vital—its nobler interests as real as those amid which we dwell for a little while?

Is it not for the little children as well as for our sakes that those blessed words were written—"There shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away."

Whether the flowers sing or the waters bloom by the "River of Life" none of us can tell; but if they do, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of their new gladness and their finer glory.

And God has not left Himself without witnesses in all nature, which you have no right to neglect; which indeed, you cannot do without harm, oh, father and mother.

Teach your children out of the blessed Bible texts, but teach them also with texts of sprouting grasses, and singing birds, and opening blossoms, and leaping waters.

They are His creation, His gift, His ministers, fulfilling His will.

Tell your children this, and when every night the curtains of the darkness are drawn down across the silver mountains of the twilight, they shall murmur their evening prayers unto that Father in Heaven to whom they shall not feel afraid to go—the heart of a Father stronger and wiser, more tender and pitiful, even than yours. V. F. Z.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

Here is a notable instance. In placing the incident on our pages, we can scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise that such a wonder could be wrought in our social condition and history in so brief a time as three years. Verily, this war is working out grand results with a rapidity that almost bewilders us. One of the editors of the Independent journeyed as far as Baltimore and Washington recently, and in remarking upon the many gratifying indications of the changing spirit of the times, gives this instance:—

"One of the greatest of these evidences was the simple fact that our travelling companion was no other than that fanatical, heretical and incendiary gentleman, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Bunker Hill—whose company in the cars a few years ago would not have rendered a journey southward eminently enviable; to whom, however, on this late journey, as far south of Mason and Dixon as we

could get, all hate went off, all hands were thrust in welcome, and all hospitable honors shown—in the midst of which the bewildered man stood a modest and meek-minded conservative before those more fiery radicals on whom the new pentecost has fallen with its tongues of flame. Not having been in Baltimore since he was there imprisoned, thirty-four years ago, and never in his life having been in Washington (honest man!), his journey was full of strange emotions at every turn. Condemned as a criminal for speaking in a slave city against slavery, he returned to that city to find it so far regenerated that to-day Baltimore is ready to give a larger proportional vote than Boston for universal liberty. The court in which Mr. Garrison was tried and sentenced is now presided over by a radical Abolitionist, Judge Hugh L. Bond, one of the most indefatigable and influential Unionists in the State, who, to gratify our curiosity, hunted up from the old records of the court the time-yellowed papers of indictment against Mr. Garrison, which that gentleman, putting on his spectacles, perused with eyes as full of merriment as we noticed in Horace Greeley's, on being dismissed from his contempt of Judge Barnard's court. As we had threatened to put Mr. Garrison into his old cell, and shut him up for a night, we were disappointed to learn that the city authorities, not foreseeing how they were spoiling a good historical incident, had torn down the old jail and built a new one in its place—where, however, not the opposers but abettors of slavery and treason are now confined! Thus the gallows which was built for Mordecai is used for hanging Haman! Eight or nine of the original jurymen who gave the verdict against Mr. Garrison are still living, and Judge Bond jocosely threatened to summon them all into court, that Mr. Garrison might forgive them in public! We bargained in advance for a photograph of the scene."

WOMEN'S LOYAL LEAGUE.

Last month we made a record of glad tidings which had reached our ears, and it came like a soothing balm amid the sounds of pain and anguish, borne from our suffering heroes on the battle-fields of Richmond. And the soul-inspiring message was, that the loyal women of our land, in addition to the sacrifices already so freely made throughout this struggle, were about to take another step for the aid of our government in refusing to purchase imported articles, or fabrics, until this fearful conflict shall be ended.

But time has passed on, and as yet there has been no decisive steps taken for the furtherance of this movement, and the enormous importations, constantly being made, threaten financial ruin to our country. There were many who from the beginning prophesied failure in this enterprise—those to whom the true heart of womanhood is never revealed behind the thin veil of follies which some-

times hides it, to whom the name of woman is but a synonym for fashionable extravagance, and who argued that feminine love of dress and display would at last overbalance all considerations of duty or economy. And, unfortunately, in the present aspect of affairs, these cavillers seem to have judged rightly, though we are by no means willing to acknowledge this as yet. In these "days of shoddy" there may be many who flushed with sudden prosperity, and unused to luxury, may not possess a strength of character sufficient to induce them to forego these pleasures for a season, but all over our land there are true, loyal hearts, who, whether or no their names are affixed to a formal "League," will restrain all indulgences which can tend to the embarrassment of our government. There has been another view of the case taken by some of the "fair sex," which is thus set forth by a sprightly correspondent in a recent letter:—"You wonder why, in view of our great national afflictions, the ladies of our land do not lay aside at once their fashionable follies, and give hearty support to the 'Loyal League.' Simply, I think, because those 'petty tyrants,' the 'lords of creation,' have not set the dependent 'weaker vessel' an honorable example. They have, to be sure, instituted their union leagues and patriotic clubs, but what are these, except a convenient rendezvous for the enjoyment of sociable Havana, or for the sacrifice (at Liberty's shrine) of a basket of sparkling champagne, all obtained through that same unfortunate medium—importation. And at home the young exquisite sits in silken wrapper and brodered cap, and over his meerschaum sagely wonders, 'why the ladies cannot give up all their foolish extravagance; why they will worship that silly goddess, Fashion; and never realizes that he is himself the very slave of a base appetite, the indulgence of which involves our government to the extent of thousands yearly. No! let the gentlemen set us an example worthy of imitation. Let them banish costly wines, fragrant tobacco, silken neckties, and cashmere wrappers, and there will be found no lack of signatures to the 'Women's Loyal League.'"

M. E. R.

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINE.—One of the first machines offered to the public, Grover & Baker, has steadily kept pace with all the improvements which mechanical skill has wrought out, and stands to-day as a family sewing machine among the best in the market. For rapidity of motion and the durability of its work, it is unrivalled. A leading cotemporary, in speaking of Grover & Baker's, refers particularly to the ease with which it is worked, the machine moving with the simple weight of the feet. This ease of motion is most essential to a good sewing machine, as the working of the treadles in some of them have been found so severe as to injure the health.

"HOME ON A FURLOUGH."

We have received from the enterprising publishing house of Bradley & Co., successors to J. W. Bradley, a very handsome steel engraving, entitled "Home on a Furlough." It represents the return of an American soldier to the peaceful scenes of home after a long absence in the army. From the open door of the cottage the loved ones hasten to receive the stranger. The gentle wife, with her tiny infant in her arms, the aged parents, a sweet-faced sister, and a group of noisy demonstrative children, occupy the foreground of the picture—each face and figure expressive of a characteristic welcome. Friends and neighbors are hastening to join in the cordial greeting, the faithful dog expresses mute pleasure and delight, and the old horse betrays an intelligent interest in the group before him. This engraving will meet with great favor from our countrymen at the present time, speaking directly as it does to the hearts of many in our land, who know so well the delight of that brief season when father brother or lover was "home on a furlough." The same firm published some months since an engraving of Eastlake's celebrated painting, "Christ Blessing Little Children," a beautiful and touching picture, which should find a place in every Christian home.

TO A PICTURE OF HENRY P. LYON,

Aged Two Years.

Are the daisies softly snowing
All around thy bed?
Are those pleasant June winds mowing
Grasses o'er thy head?

Child, whose beauty moves me strangely,
Was that wondrous grace
From the angels brooding o'er thee,
Breathed upon thy face?

Oh, the charm that holds my gazing,
Of thine eyes and brow!
Oh, to think in sad amazing
Where thou liest now.

Life so fair and brief we reckon
Bird, and flower, and song,
As the fittest type and token
That to it belong.

All the promise of thy boyhood,
Opening strong and brave,
All the service of thy manhood,
Bounded by that grave.

Could the angel-voices, falling,
Down the silence, be
Sweeter than thy mother's calling
Through the dark to thee.

What shall keep her heart from breaking,
As days come and go?
While thy long rest thou art taking,
'Neath the flowers and snow?

Oh, she cannot see the still palms,
Where the banks shine clear,
And the pealing of the glad psalms
Will not float down here.

But God grant before 'tis even
She may smile and say—
"Oh, my baby up in Heaven
Waits for me alway."

V. 7. 7.

The following graceful stanzas were written by a girl only fifteen years of age. They show unusual promise. We may say that she stands nearly related to one of America's most gifted female poets, whose sweet songs are hushed on earth. In a few years we may have strains as sweet and tender from one on whom the departing poet's mantle seems to have fallen. The verses are addressed to a pet sister, from whom the writer was absent:—

ECHOES FROM HOME.

BY AMANDA V. F.

Sweet Blanche, how many years 'twill be
Before thy smiling face I see;
Thy gentle form, so sweet and fair,
And softly smooth thy golden hair;
Will it not be till years have flown?
Sad echo answers, with a moan—
"Till years have flown."

And shall I never hear you sing,
While your sweet arms around me cling?
And may I not within your mind
One little vacant corner find?
Sweet echo answers me no kind—
"One corner find."

And when at eve thy knee is bent,
And on thy hands thy head is leant,
Then dost thou in thy evening prayer
Ask God to take me in His care,
And in thy dreams am always near?
Dear echo answers loud and clear—
"Always near."

Then if on Echoes I rely,
May each one always bring reply;
Then, if perchance I start in fright,
From mournful dreams of thee at night,
And waking, as if all is well;
Sweet echo, like a fairy-bell,
Answers—"All is well."

"THE SICK CHILD."—This picture, a sketch from humble life, will interest every one with its direct appeal to the heart. The fine painting from which the engraving is made, produced quite a sensation in English art circles when it first appeared.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.—One of our correspondents has given a lively description of our Great Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, to which we refer. At the time of closing this number of our magazine, the Fair was still open, and no official statements had been made of the receipts. From all we can learn, the net proceeds will scarcely fall short of twelve or thirteen hundred thousand dollars, and they may reach a million and a half.

"OUR DAILY FARE."—This was the title given to the paper published at our Great Sanitary Fair. Under the active business management of Mr. George W. Childs, Chairman of the Publishing Committee, the paper reached a circulation of over ten thousand, and gave to the Fair a net profit of nearly six thousand dollars.

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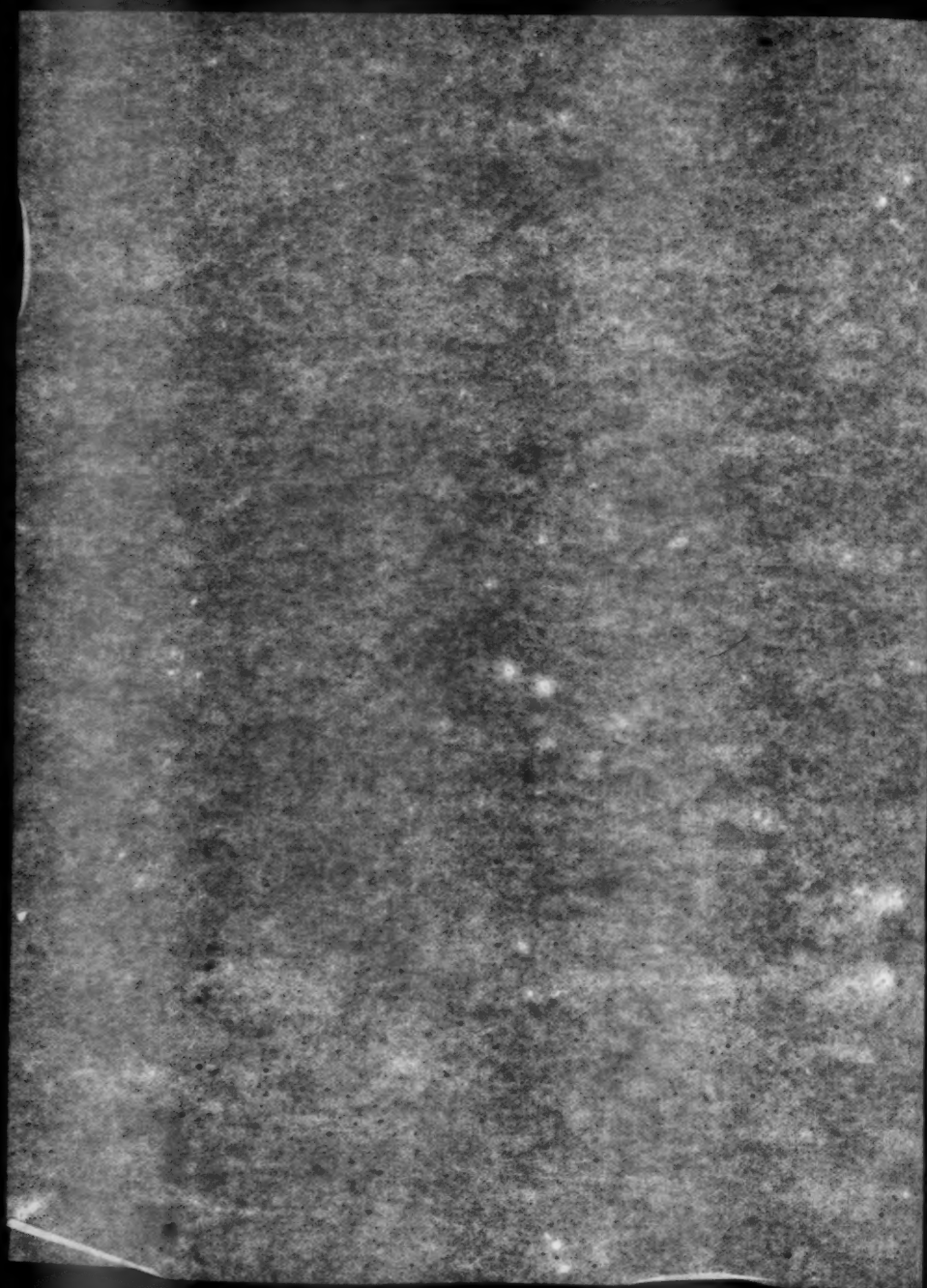


ALDER

THE LIFE OF THE LATE

W. Wright

THE PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY





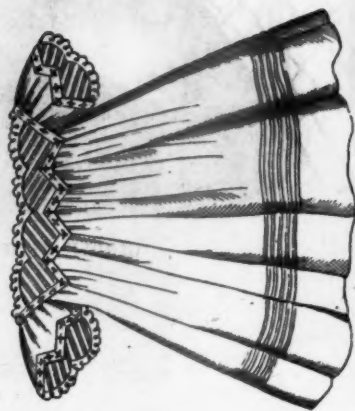
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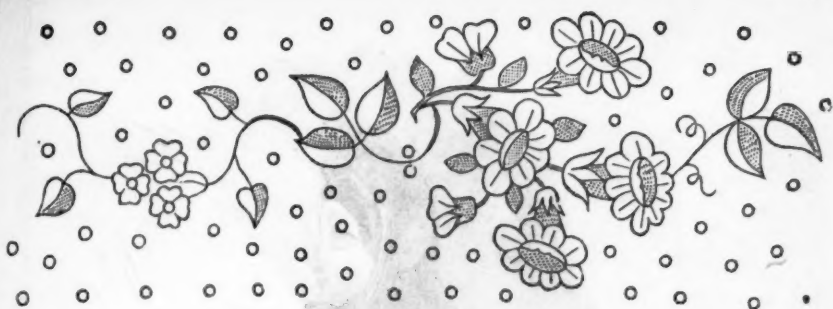
MORNING CAP.



CHILD'S BRAIDED DRESS.



DRESS FOR CHILD TWO YEARS OLD.



SILK EMBROIDERY.



APRON FOR GIRL, OF MUSLIN OR SILK.



ROBE OF LIGHT FOULARD OR ALPACA.

Trimming consists of lace, with a heading of puffed taffetas, same shade as the dress.



WALKING DRESS,
Of mohair; turban of black straw, with wing and plume. Light cane, the latest Paris fashion.



HOUSEWIFE.

Materials.--A piece of black cloth, eight and one-half inches long, five and one-half inches wide; a piece of *toile cirée* the same size; one and one-half yard of blue sarsnet ribbon; one skein of coarse black purse silk; a few needles of various colored silks; buttons, etc.

The stars are worked either of one color or in several bright and varied colors; but our pattern is made in the latter style. The stars of the same color form slanting lines; those in a light shade are white; then two lines farther, yellow; the two intermediate lines are one red and the

other blue; then after the yellow stars, one line of green, the other of lilac. When the embroidery is finished, line the cloth with *toile cirée*, and bind both the outside and inside together with blue sarsnet ribbon, stitching it neatly on. Cover each end of the round pocket, or housewife, with a round of \dagger crochet work in black silk. To do this, make a chain of four or five stitches, join the first to the last so as to form a circle; take some fine round cord, and over this cord work in crochet 8 rounds, increasing here and there, so that the round may be a little convex. When finished, it should measure about two inches round. Sew these rounds on to each side of the embroidered cloth, beginning at one of the ends. The rounds form the sides of the pocket, and the embroidery is sewn round them, leaving a space of about one inch for the opening. The handle consists of a piece of bright blue ribbon, 10 inches long, fastened on each side in the middle of each round, and finished with a small bow. Two buttons (see illustration) are then added, and at the edge of the work two button-holes made to shut the housewife. To make the housewife still neater and more complete, a piece of ribbon may be stitched inside to hold scissors, bodkin or knife, without putting these things into the pocket loosely.